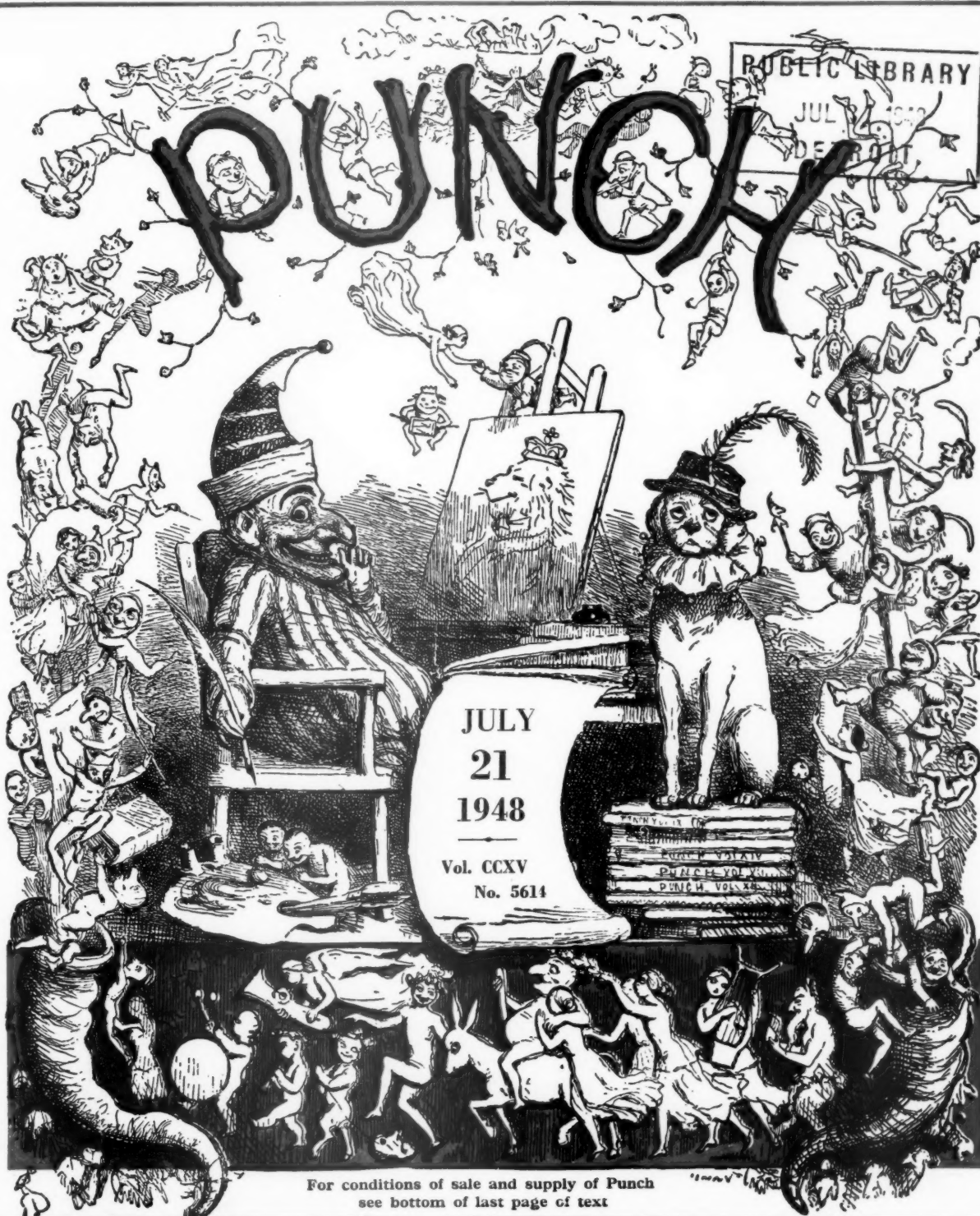




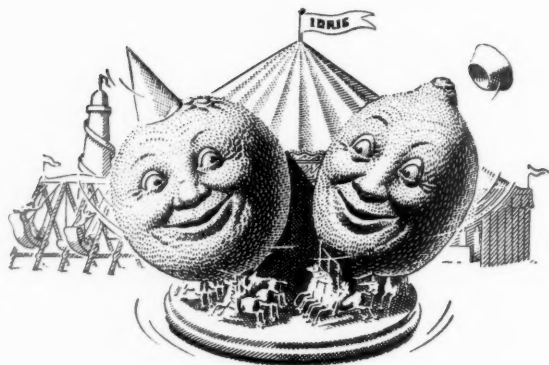
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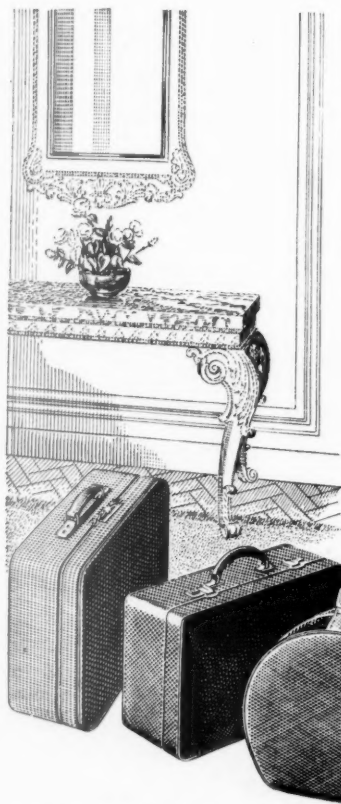


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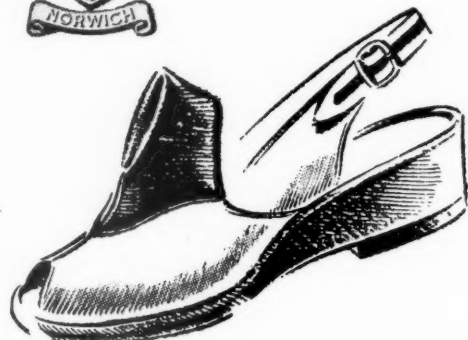
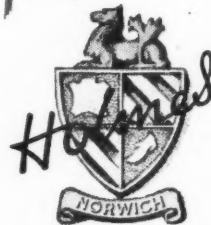
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SATISFY YOUR FAMILY — as many modern wives do — serve delicious Symington's Soup. It adds variety to meals and makes a nourishing 'extra' to your rations. Each plateful contains valuable body-building proteins — warms you up on the coldest day. Choose from Tomato, Kidney, Hare, Oxtail, Pea, Celery, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny and Green Pea. 6 big platefuls for 7d. 3d. packet serves two. SYMINGTON'S HOUSE COOKERY. Free advice on all household and cookery questions. Write now to W. Symington & Co. Ltd., Market Harborough, Leicestershire.





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BIG DAY**

It started when
I woke—with
presents, now
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party—with
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Mummy was
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don't you?

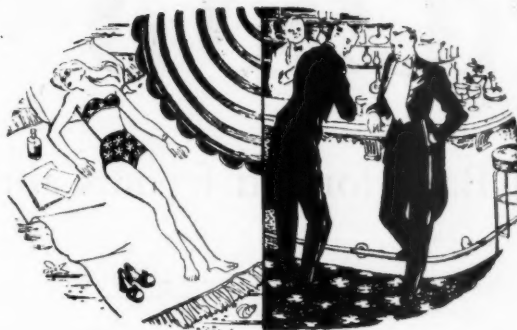
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Dr. JENNER'S
for Indigestion

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS
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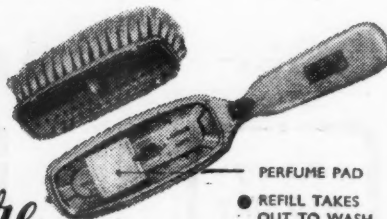


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Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

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In the bars of all the leading West End Hotels

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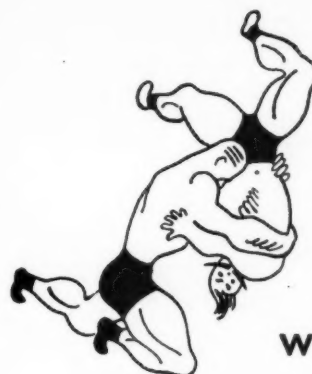


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The hum of carpet looms has been a familiar sound in Kilmarnock for 150 years. But the note has been constantly changing to meet the growing need for fine carpets at reasonable prices. Today, although new machines and new ideas have lightened the labour of the old processes, inherited skill keeps a watchful eye on the proud traditions of quality.

Blackwood **M**orton **K**ilmarnock

Mothproof CARPETS



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Will our wrestler get the other down? He may, but his opponent will get up again quickly. It's like that with woollen fabrics—or with rayons that are branded **TEBILIZED**. Rayons branded **TEBILIZED** are not uncrushable—even wool is not that. But their power to resist and recover from creasing makes **TEBILIZED** brand rayons most attractive in wear—they drape beautifully—and of course it makes them most serviceable.

**FABRICS BRANDED TEBILIZED
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THEY SHOULD USE
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Furmoto shines floors like glass—produces a hard, tread-proof and waterproof surface on any kind of flooring and linoleum—yet on it you can't slip an inch. Because of this it is the only polish you should use. Avoid accident claims as result of anyone falling on slippery floors. You are absolutely safe with Furmoto, for with every tin is given

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AGAINST SLIPPING.**

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Awarded 64 Gold Medals.
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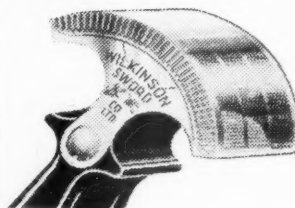
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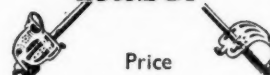
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- ★ Can be used anywhere, anytime

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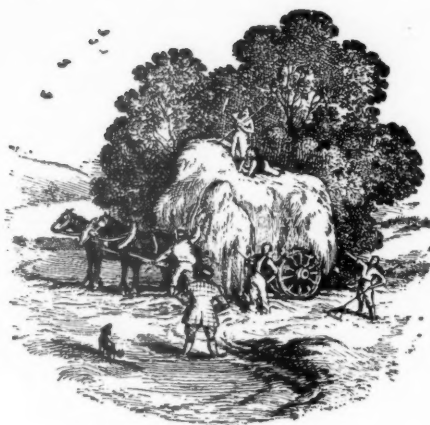
Cigars

Rolled in Jamaica from finest leaf

Ensure Maximum Mileage



Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby



July

July is the month when the farmer surveys his crops and prospects. Between seed time and harvest he reviews his position; forecasts of grain and root crops are made; hay harvesting begins. In all seasons the modern farmer calls on his banker for some necessary service—he can always turn to his bank for counsel and help in the day-to-day transactions of this basic yet ever changing industry. The Midland Bank, so intimately concerned in agricultural conditions throughout England and Wales, is ever ready to give the farmer the specialised service he may require.

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*Are You the
Highwayman Type?*

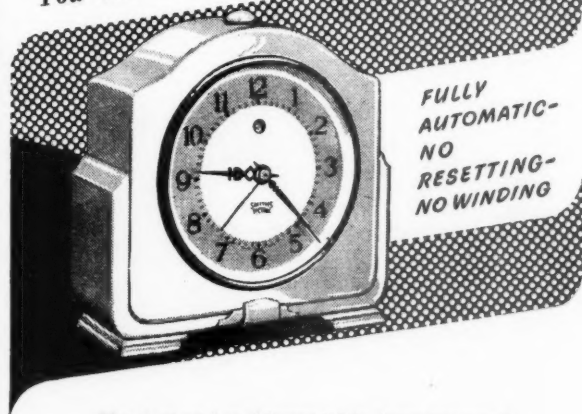
Successful highwaymen are calm, abandoned and devil-may-care. They are good at gun-play and light romance. They are men to whom a woman will gladly surrender her last tablet of Personality Soap. No conquest can build a man's prestige more effectively.

Personality
TURTLE OIL SOAP

PERSONALITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS LTD.
ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH

The World's Finest Alarm

You can buy it NOW!



You just set it and forget it! In charming pastel

shades. Price 71/1d. (including P.T.) luminous.

Available from your local Smiths stockist.

SMITHS 'SECTRIC' Autocal

SCM 133 F



On the 'temper' of a steel spring rests its capacity for service. Mass production of a design is easy, but to reproduce the same 'character' in each one calls for the greatest skill and experience. Next time you order springs, remember 'temper' is all-important. That will remind you of our name, and of our service.

THE TEMPERED SPRING CO. LTD
ATTERCLIFFE ROAD SHEFFIELD 4



Plant for Plenty —

and enjoy with



Pull your Lettuces by the root (don't cut them) early in the day, before the sun makes them flabby. Stand them in water or lay them on a stone floor to keep them crisp. Sow more White Lisbon Onions and keep Radishes growing fast by watering them every evening in dry weather, otherwise they will be tough and woody.

Heinz

Salad Cream

The delicious flavour and nourishing goodness of Heinz Salad Cream turn a salad into a main meal.

57



MONTACUTE HOUSE, near Yeovil. Built between 1588 and 1601, Montacute represents the most advanced form of Country House built in Queen Elizabeth's time. Property of the National Trust.

Behind the dignified presence and effortless power of the Jaguar lies the story of ceaseless endeavour and infinite care in design and manufacture. It is accordingly not surprising that Jaguar Cars are playing a worthy part in the nation's vital export drive. Jaguar Cars Ltd., Coventry.

Jaguar

THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

Where there's need—there's The Salvation Army

*Thirty years ago, Bert and Mary Jones quarrelled. Bert walked out. Soon after, Mary sailed to Australia with their two small sons. When her elder son, in R.A.A.F. uniform, bade her good-bye, Mary said, "Perhaps you can find your father when you get to England". Bert's son told this story to The Salvation Army Missing Persons' Bureau. To-day the family is happily reunited. 4,000 such enquiries are received each year and two-thirds are successfully solved.

*Only the name is fictitious

GENERAL ALBERT ORSBORN, C.B.E., 101, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.4



MONK & GLASS

is jolly good Custard



OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXV No. 5614

July 21 1948

Charivaria

A SHORTAGE of red ink is reported. By a coincidence the Coal Board has just made up its accounts.

A political writer points out that it is only natural that America should expect something from us in return for Marshall Aid. Can this be why we let them have all those Wimbledon trophies?



"The Head Weather Man pointed to his rain chart. 'It rained,' he said, 'on 17 of June's 31 days. That isn't a record, but it's enough to be going on with.'"
Edinburgh "Evening Dispatch."
It's one too many for us.

An old lady has knitted a scarf for her favourite radio announcer. She thinks it will now take him less time to warm up.

A motorist who stopped to apologize after knocking an ex-heavyweight boxer off his bicycle escaped with a severe shaking.

Better rations for poultry are being urged on the Government. Critical chickens are said to regard their present feed as mere housing programme.

An Englishman living in Canada informs us that he is being pestered by a correspondence school which wishes to teach him how to write for a hundred dollars. This, he says, is not his trouble. He knows how to write for a hundred dollars, but is short of suitable addresses.

Patrons at one speedway track have been forbidden to bring rattles. This leaves them little else to do but sleep quietly in their perambulators.

"Young French lady, very good education, speaking and writing fluent English seeks translations for author or else."
Advt. in "Continental Daily Mail."

Want to get tough, huh?

A rat recently shot near Colchester is said to have weighed 15 lbs. It sounds rather a tall Tory.

"Most men are prepared to give a hand around the house these days," a Mass Observation report says. Except the ones who are too busy answering the door to investigators.



A traveller tells of meeting an Indian who expressed surprise that there were no Untouchables in this country. Presumably that was before the formation of the Nationalization Boards.

Cold Riveting

"Since then the snowball of knowledge has swept relentlessly on, stamping with each year another rivet of reliability and craftsmanship into the name of —." — "The Wireless Trader."

A suburban tennis-player in leaping over the net to congratulate his opponent tripped on the cord and fell. The umpire ruled it a let.



More Work on the Olympic Games

(Being a portion of my projected address in the Grecian mode to the assembled competitors now quartered in Richmond Park.)

"ATHLETES from many lands gathered here to celebrate the feast of your founder Herakles, who himself, while the Destinies and Time stood by, measured out with his own hand the hallowed precinct, not indeed of this camp, nor of the stadium at Wembley, but in the plain near the river Alpheus under the Sacred Hill, in order that he might commemorate the cleansing of the Augean stables, a badly needed bit of reconstruction, for which he obtained the permit of his father Zeus, and is evermore rightly renowned—I shall not weary you with a full account of the first two hundred and ninety-three festivals, nor the names of the victors therein, which indeed have been differently handed down some by one writer and some by another, nor shall I explain the temporary discontinuance of the games by the Emperor Theodosius fifteen hundred and fifty* years ago. Myself I think he was wrong. But I am open as always to argument.

Many things have changed at the Olympic festival during the course of the centuries, nor are the customs, nor even the dress of the athletes in all cases the same. The contest, for instance, of the heralds and trumpeters has been abandoned and so (as I think a colleague of mine has remarked) has the chariot race for mules, and the race of hoplites in full armour, whilst in many struggles and combats where formerly the competitors were naked, clothing obtained by votive coupons is now worn. Women are permitted to be present as watchers of the games and even to compete without pain of being hurled down the Typæan rock, nor does the victor in any contest sit upon a bronze tripod to be crowned, nor upon a table of ivory and gold.

But the festival is held in the same part of the year as formerly, namely at the latter end of the summer in the month Heatombaeon, that is to say in the month of the slaying of a hundred oxen, though this immemorial rite has also been discontinued owing to the famine of the peoples and the recalcitrant behaviour of the Ephor of Food.

It is necessary also to point out that, as formerly, the barbarians take no part in these games, for their system of government is different from ours. Here all run or

wrestle freely for their own honour or for that of the country from which they come, and while to be beaten is no disgrace for him who strives to the uttermost, it also involves no penalty. But with them the loser is either immediately condemned to be tortured or to be sent away as a slave to the Hyperborean mines. Neither do we defend the entrances to our arenas with arms, nor do we deny food to the competitors from other lands, nor have our judges been instructed to place crowns upon our own fellow-citizens alone, nor is it permitted to trip up our adversaries with concealed strings, nor to bribe them to lose their contest by running more slowly than ourselves. Our city is thrown open to the world, and we never expel a foreigner or prevent him from seeing or learning anything of which the secret if revealed to our enemy might profit him. But of this I shall speak no more lest I should seem to be using the words of an orator even more famous than myself. Let it suffice in this matter to say that our policemen are wonderful.

To some of you nourished and trained in the South or the far West it may seem strange that the favours of the Sun God are never bestowed on the inhabitants of this island, and you may wonder at times how it is that human life still persists upon it. Yet surely the fact that it does persist is a tribute to the greatness and endurance of the people who now entertain you, and for a little while you will be not unwilling to share the hardships that they suffer, remembering that the prize of victory is all the more glorious for those who ache in every limb through exposure to storms and hurricanes even before the contest begins; whilst those who fail to achieve success will be able to say that they were not defeated by superior skill but by darkness and continual rain.

I have not yet ascertained whether the olive crowns which will reward those of you who are triumphant will be cut as formerly with a golden sickle from the wild olive tree replanted by Herakles in the grove of Altis, but I hope to clear up this point on the next occasion I have of speaking to you . . .

EVOE.

* Roughly.

Elephants Aren't Striped

AN advertisement in an American magazine of "National Convention Ties"—I counted sixty-four elephants in the Republican sample as shown—started me wondering what could be the origin of so quaint and useless an article of dress. I was thinking of ties as a class, of course—not of these particular specimens; if a man must knot a silk noose round his neck and let the ends of it trail over his shirt, there may just as well be animals on it as stripes or whorls, as I see it.

I put the matter to Austin, a tie-wearer if ever there was one. "Who," I asked him, "do you suppose was the first man to wear a tie, and why?"

"Oh, that," he said. "The tie is of course a development of the cravat, which reached its—er—what is the word?—its—"

"Apogee?"

"—its full flower during the Regency. Beau Brummell,

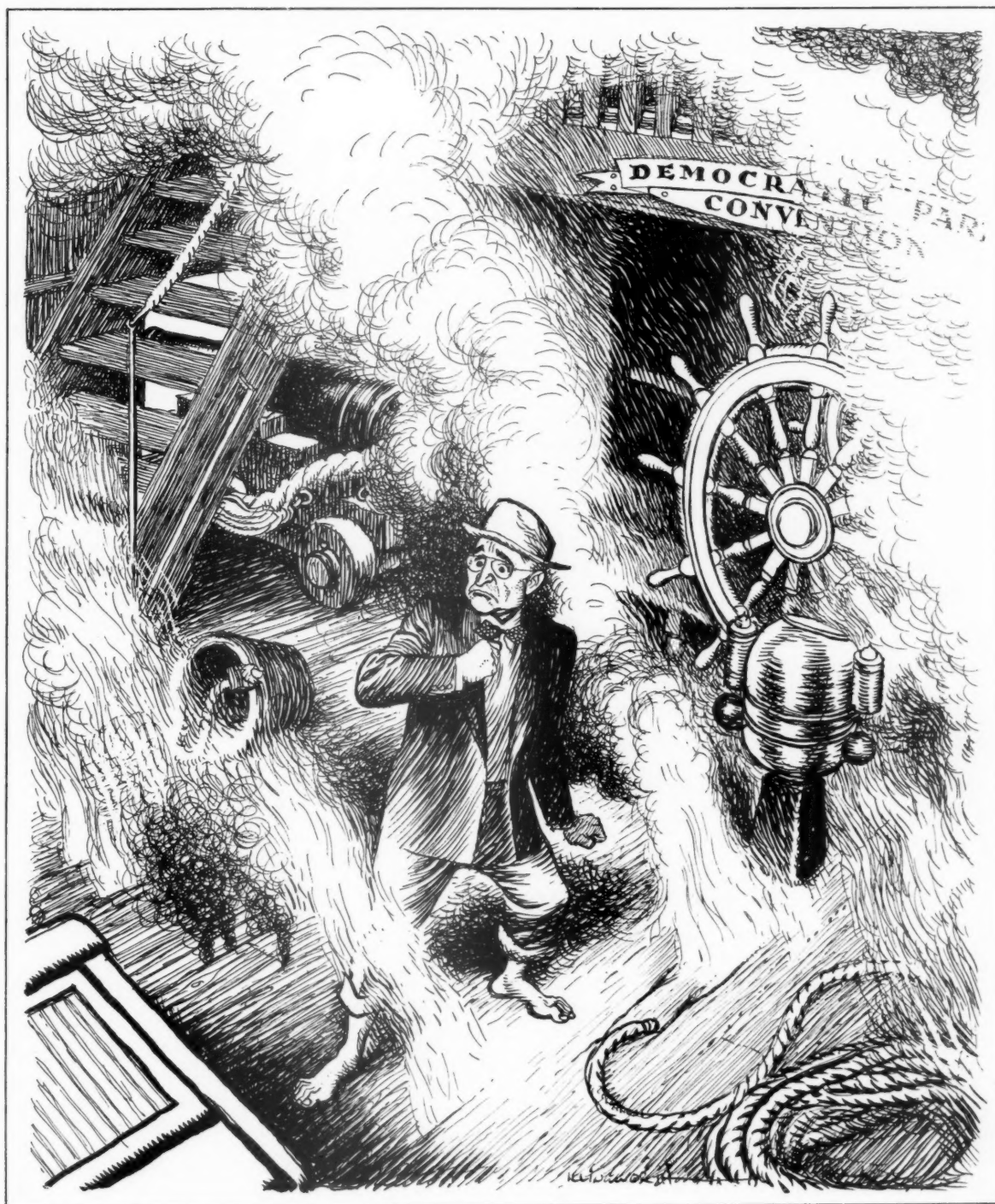
it is said, used to take upwards of two hours over the arrangement of his cravat, allowing his chin to sink by imperceptible gradations on to the towering structure until the whole had settled, fold upon fold, into a compact and flawless poem in muslin and lace."

The worst of these well-read people is that from time to time they manage to get a piece off by heart.

"It is related of the Emperor Vitellius," I said by way of reply, "that there was prepared for him upon one occasion, a feast, in which were served—of fish two thousand dishes, of various sorts of fowl five thousand dishes, and one dish called, from its enormous size, the Shield of Minerva, and made, among other costly ingredients, of the brains of pheasants, the sounds of the fish called scari, and the spawn of the lamprey brought from the Carpathian Sea—"

"What has all this got to do with ties?"

"I imagined we were both coming to that, in our several



CASABIANCA



ways. My own preamble," I told him, "was taken from *Dombey and Son*. What about yours?"

Austin is a man upon whom irony is altogether lost. "It is a mistake, in my opinion," he said, "to search too far back in history for the origins of modern social customs and behaviour. One has to remember how wide and deep was the tide of barbarism that swept between our western world of to-day and the ancient civilizations of the Mediterranean, and how irrevocably it submerged beneath the flood all but the name, the monuments, and a few poor hoarded relics of the literature of Rome."

"You mean Attila wore no tie?"

Your thorough-going bore is never distracted by interruptions.

"It would no doubt be possible," he said, "to trace, or at worst to adumbrate——"

"No, Austin," I said. "Not that."

"—to adumbrate some link between the Roman fondness for the bath and that insistence upon personal cleanliness of which Brummell made such a fetish. Indeed, from the Baths of Nero or Titus at Rome to their counterpart at Aquae Sulis is but a very short step (you spoke just now, as I remember, of Minerva, with whom of course the Roman legionaries equated this same British goddess Sulis); and once at Aquae Sulis, or Bath as we prefer to call it to-day, we are within close hail of Beau Nash and so of that other

Beau, Brummell, who was in so many ways his spiritual successor."

"The Emperor Vitellius," I began, having only one string to my beau (Ha!), "is credibly reported——"

"The Emperor Vitellius," said Austin, "is quite another pair of shoes. In any case, if we are to get to the kernel of our present problem, we must leave imperial Rome and take a leap forward of some eighteen centuries . . ."

I let him leap forward alone. Men of Austin's type, who answer the most casual question with a lecture of an extent and aridity (if I may borrow his phraseology for a moment) comparable only with the Sahara, cannot be stopped or diverted. They just roll on regardless. Let them roll, as Mr. Churchill said on another occasion.

The room was warm, my chair was comfortable, the interminable voice boomed on. Slowly, by imperceptible gradations, my chin sank forward on to my cravat. Not even the most hysterical haberdasher, I reflected, could describe the thing I was wearing as a towering structure . . .

When I awoke the shadows of my knees had lengthened along the carpet and the slanting sun was shining full upon the multi-coloured stripes of Austin's flamboyant tie. "The slovenliness in attire," he was saying, "of such men as Dr. Johnson and Charles James Fox has passed into history."

"They might just as well," I said, speaking my thoughts aloud, "be elephants."

For once, Austin was startled into acknowledging an interruption. "There," he said almost vehemently, "I am unable to follow you. Samuel Johnson, for all his unwieldy bulk—"

"No, no, NO, Austin," I cried. "I am not *talking* about Samuel Johnson. I don't know what Samuel Johnson is doing in this conversation, anyway. I am talking about ties. Specifically, I am talking about the stripes in yours."

"I thought you said elephants."

"I did."

* "You said they might just as well be elephants?"

"Yes."

Austin ran his fingers through his hair. I could see he was troubled by this thing, but I just hadn't the stamina to go into it now.

"Elephants aren't striped," he said at last.

We let it go at that. The statement may have left my original question to some extent in the air, but, taken on its own merits, it would be hard to fault it. H. F. E.



The Burra Sahib Goes B.R.

IT was never like this on the Delhi Express—

Coolie, jaldi karo!

One got such a lot for a little largesse—

Coolie, jaldi karo!

One's porter would stagger along under stacks
Of valises and trunks till he dropped in his tracks,
But one can't expect that from these memsah'bs in
slacks—

Coolie, jaldi karo!

It was never like this on the Frontier Mail—

Bhisti, jaldi karo!

A chap could enjoy the odd chukker by rail—

Bhisti, jaldi karo!

The Indian train was inclined to be hot,
But at least it was reas'nably free—was it not?—
From the bucket, the spade, the collapsible cot—

Bhisti, jaldi karo!

It was never like this on the old Deccan Queen—

Sweeper, jaldi karo!

One aimed to reach Poona unsoiled and serene—

Sweeper, jaldi karo!

Just now I've got somebody's twins on my knee
And my lap is in use as a table for tea;
Heaven knows how I'll look when I get to Torquay—

Sweeper, jaldi karo!

It was never like this on the Bombay Express—

Bearer, jaldi karo!

One tried to behave as one would in the mess—

Bearer, jaldi karo!

With a restaurant-car in the rear it was fine
Just to saunter along to one's table to dine;
Now one shuffles towards it, the last in the line—

Bearer, jaldi karo!



TWENTIETH Century Fox, I think we may take it, made *Forever Amber* (Director: OTTO PREMINGER) because of its notoriety as a best-seller rather than its suitability as a film subject. All I can say is, it serves them right. Stripped of the heady elements which appealed so powerfully to buyers of

At the Pictures

Forever Amber—The Naked City—My Brother's Keeper

Even the Plague and the Fire, two glaring opportunities for spectacle, are thrown away, and LINDA DARNELL as *Amber* performs throughout with excessive facial restraint, whether slitting purses for *Black Jack Mallard* or lancing boils for *Lord Carlton*. It all seems a great waste of money, and if it gets its true deserts at the box-office (which is unlikely) it may teach Hollywood a lesson.

But, courage! *The Naked City* (Director: JULES DASSIN) is like a draught of cool water after this heavy, tasteless dish, and I unhesitatingly award it my private Oscar. Do not be uneasy at talk of a "documentary" approach; this is just another New York murder story (seen through the eyes of the Homicide Bureau), but it is refreshingly presented, it grips like a vice and it moves at a crackling pace. One of its tautening tricks is the elimination from the sound-track of all small-talk whose import can be visually conveyed. All the acting has that property of insistent realism usually the speciality of Western bit-players, and even BARRY FITZGERALD's *Lieutenant Muldoon*, side-stepping the pitfalls of Hollywood-Irish whimsy, becomes solid enough to walk right out of the screen. Within the picture's wider excellence there are many small, inspired moments (the weary plain-clothes man still touting the killer's photograph round the East Side long after the man has been

keenly studied and painstakingly directed; I should like to say a special word for DON TAYLOR's young detective, *Jimmy*, a person first and a cop afterwards, for the shifty good-for-nothing of HOWARD DUFF, and for ADELAIDE KLEIN's poignant sketch as the mother of the murdered girl.

The only British picture of the fortnight is also in the main a pursuit story, *My Brother's Keeper* (Director: ALFRED ROOME); but it has none of the sweep and speed that carry an audience along delighted and unresisting, and it seems to me to suffer from the miscasting of JACK WARNER as the fleeing crook who is, according to another character, "educated," and who recites scraps of not very apt poetry to prove it; this is a handicap for an actor whose line is salty, rattling Cockney idiom. Several old dodges are trotted out (the collapsing bed, the tyrannical news-editor), and, at the risk of seeming to make much of a triviality, I should like to point out to film-makers on both sides of the Atlantic that if, in a real-life telephone call, one hears the distant subscriber's "Good-bye" followed by a metallic click, one does *not* continue to agitate the receiver-rest and shout "Hallo!" In this picture some of the small parts lack conviction (nearly all the policemen, and there are lots, are plainly actors dressed up), which spoils the general credibility; but to be fair I must say that one well-handled sequence near the end (it would spoil it to go into details) is highly effective, and a young man named GEORGE COLE, as the adenoidal weakling, *Willie*, gives a performance worth its weight in amber.

J. B. B.



[The Naked City]

THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW

| | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| Halloran | DON TAYLOR |
| Muldoon | BARRY FITZGERALD |
| Garzah | TED DE CORSIA |

KATHLEEN WINSOR's book—and the producers must have known from the start that these elements would have to go—the story droops into a succession of handsomely mounted and gloomily underlit episodes innocent of any compensating excitement; so determined has been the purging that (for example) the Newgate Prison orgies suggest amateur theatrical roysterings in Act 1 of *The Vagabond King*, and the arrival of *Amber's* baby comes upon us as a mysterious surprise, no hint of a gooseberry bush having preceded it. For all their flash and swagger the people fail to convince that they are not wearing 1948 underclothes, and the dialogue flits from ancient-starchy ("I trust all will proceed favourably with my lord's privateering venture") to modern-flirtatious ("Come along and talk to me while I change, darling").

located; the two all-in wrestlers, apparently inextricably interlocked, who on hearing the word "police" fall apart like two halves of an apple), and we are rushed on with mounting excitement through all the complex processes of a full-scale murder investigation. It seems to me a notable feat of film-making to lay continual emphasis on the routine plodding of police work without for an instant allowing the dramatic tension to sag. Contributing largely to the general air of real life are more than a hundred impeccably photographed New York exteriors—the hot grubby streets where children romp in the frothing jets of the hydrant, the black towering of Brooklyn Bridge, the degrading serum of a rush-hour subway. Except for Mr. FITZGERALD's the names in the cast are little known, but the performances are



[Forever Amber]

A PURITAN CAVALIER

| | |
|----------------------------------|---------------|
| <i>Amber St. Clair</i> | LINDA DARNELL |
| <i>Lord Carlton</i> | CORNEL WILDE |

Summer Exhibitions

BRIGHTON, whose tired waves vainly breaking at my feet seem scarce two painful inches to have gained in as many hours—Brighton is *en fête*. On Thursday last the Regency Festival Exhibition was opened with pomp and circumstance at the Royal Pavilion, and to mark that event the Brighton Art Gallery is showing some loan collections until the end of August. In the Gallery's Water-Colour Room on the ground floor have been grouped the exquisitely detailed water-colour drawings of the Pavilion for John Nash's "Views of the Royal Pavilion," together with the coloured aquatints from this work (published in 1826) by Rowlandson's collaborator, Augustus Pugin. Rex Whistler's mural decoration, in the same room, of "The Prince Regent Awakening the Spirit of Brighton"—a *jeu d'esprit* painted on the wall of a Brighton house not long before the young artist's death on active service—is a nostalgic reminder of the painter we still mourn.

In the lofty gallery opposite this room a number of works on loan from the Cook Collection include two singularly beautiful panels of the "Presentation" and "Visitation" by Bernardino di Mariotto, a lesser known master of the Umbrian School, and a big imaginative canvas confidently attributed to Guardi, but by no means characteristic of the Venetian's work save in the vigorous handling of the figures.

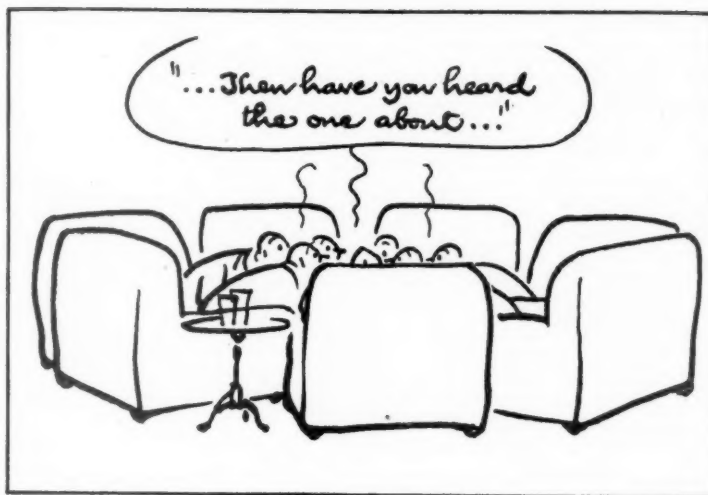
The little show of twentieth-century paintings, entitled "Names to Remember," at the Rowland Browse Gallery in Cork Street, also remains open until the end of August to tempt Londoners still in town. "Echoes and Anticipations" might perhaps have been an apter title, for Sickert, William Nicholson, and even Spencer Gore are unlikely to be forgotten by future generations.

Sickert's "Nude in Morning Light," painted in about 1906, intriguingly anticipates the Camden Town manner, while Clifford Hall in some of his moods echoes Sickert; and this kindred feeling, which has inspired so many of the more subdued paintings, links the work of successive generations of artists here represented.

Clifford Hall is one of the most interesting of the younger living painters. His beautifully observed figure of a woman in a warm pink dress, with a revealing glimpse of the room beyond, is the expression of an experience deeply felt; and his three works—with those of such painters as Edward

ANOTHER CHANGED FACE

MASCULINE CONVERSATION



1



2

Le Bas, Victor Pasmore, and Stuart Ray—more than hold their own in the company of the early Gores and Nicholsons.

N. A. D. W.

"To be at all effective the Note would require to be strong, otherwise it might be construed as indicating weakness."

"The Scotsman."

We never thought of that.

"On behalf of the Taluka Development Association Gadag, the cattle show and fair will be held on the 28th June 1948 at 3 p.m. at Mahasamudra under the presidency of Mr. M. S. Sardar B. A. (Oxen)."

"Bombay Chronicle."

Low, the poor Indian . . .

"Jean Kent is the good-time girl who runs away from an unhappy home and through a shift-eyed, spiv-type waiter plunges into the grey waters that swirl nightly in Soho."

Provincial paper.

Can they mean the soup?



DAVID
SYMONDS

"And 'ow's Costin', Accounts and Assessin' this mornin'?"

H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

I WROTE this Fragment after resting, during a country walk, at the trim cottage of an elderly person known as Granny Vere de Vere, who primed me with Michaelmas Daisy wine. I got clear of the village fairly well, but was later discovered laboriously spelling out Drama in pebbles on the lawn of a co-educational School of Motoring.

"SPECKIE" MACKINTOSH, MOSS-TROOPER

(The scene is the foyer of a theatre during the second interval of a First Night. Snatches of conversation are what we overhear.)

MRS. QUASH. Good evening, Laura darling, how young you make that dress look!

LAURA VACE. Now you get the extra ration you will have no excuse for not inviting me to tea.

AN ESCORT. What I thought was, his second act was better than his first. That's what I thought.

HIS CHARGE. They were two one-act plays by different authors. There's my uncle. Hullo, Uncle Bobsie.

PROFESSOR CARWINKLE. In the company of whom are you this evening? I mean—let me make myself plain—that I do not actually know the young man by your side but it is possible that I have, at some previous time, known him, in the which case it would be unnecessary to introduce him, perhaps impossible, an interesting speculation . . .

ESCORT. Uncle Bobsie, I'm pleased to meet you; I don't know quite why, but I am.

CHARGE. Go and see if you can get me an oyster sandwich; make sure it's dainty—So sorry, Uncle, he's a bore, but nobody else offered me row D. Even Tony Farthingale couldn't do better than H.

T. P. SOPER. I'm glad to have the opportunity of a word with you, X. K. It's about this timber contract. Our customer insists that deal is a tree and there it is. She is one of our best customers and we will make it worth your while to humour her. You'll just have to say you have a plantation of it growing somewhere. Better tell her it's a job to rear and charge as for rare woods.

X. K. TOSSETT. I'll say the plantation is at Deal!!! Makes you laugh till you cry, doesn't it?

T. P. SOPER. Why, yes, so it does.

1ST FLÂNEUR. At least *What Kitty had in the Kitty* was an improvement on the first play. I always enjoy a bit of farce. All those practicable doors did make one feel the management was actually spending money on the audience. I just hated *U.O.M.*—all that symbolic stuff. Curtains, only one in the cast, no lighting except from the phosphorescent paint on his face—it was mingy.

2ND FLÂNEUR. But it might turn out it was good. You can never tell nowadays. These things go in waves. There have been times when symbolism ran for weeks. What's the last one about? I wish they would give you programme notes as they do for concerts.

1ST FLÂNEUR. It's called *Senegalese Serenade* and the cast includes three bands, so it's probably a Musical. I expect it will be the plot about the trumpeter who gets an audition by posing as a bell-boy.

TH. TH. JONES. A first night enables one to revise one's knowledge of society. Seeing Lady Pabbington reminds me that she began to poison her husband and then decided to burn him when she realized that she could collect the fire insurance as well. That tall man with the eyeglass on the heavy gold chain is the Mayor of Padgham Uppa; he knows a secret about the Dabstables and they have to take him about everywhere. The woman in the paper cap is Jolly Mrs. O'Larney, one of the two most vivacious women in Europe; the other has a salon in Ajaccio. Do you see that man with a handful of proofs? He is Pardle Waterpat, dramatic critic of *Philm*. He always writes his notice well in advance and just makes last-minute adjustments.

SANDRA FROM SANDWICH. In this social whirl do not spies abound?

TH. TH. JONES. There are eight British agents here counteracting them. The man with the notebook is a Time and Motion expert from M.I.5 seeing whether seven wouldn't do next time.

RAD HARKAWA'. When lying tired and tense on my saddle-bag, with veldt, desert or ant-hill below, I have often yearned for the scent, the buzz, the ineffable glitter of a London first night.

"BUBBLES" PARAGANZA. You have taken the words from my lips, and that, may I mention, is all you will take from them.

(A bell rings. The Critics take over the bar. The foyer begins to clear.)

LOTTIE'S ELLEN. I suppose we had better go back. There probably won't be another chance of seeing it.

CHIEF WHITE SMOKE. One should never neglect any opportunity of revelling in the masterpieces of British Dramatic Art. The British Council said so on the programme when they brought *Titus Andronicus* and *Quality Street* to the Reservation.

(A piercing noise from the auditorium heralds the opening of "*Senegalese Serenade*." The Critics stick champagne corks in their ears.)

FINIS



"Animal AND vegetable and, yes, you can."

More Situations

I ENDED my last article with a word about the literary world; now I shall move along to the letter-writing world and remind my readers of a situation that almost never happens—putting a letter in the wrong envelope. Such corporate efficiency—the posts fairly teeming with envelopes which are no surprise unless they are meant to be—is not achieved, psychologists tell us, without some real hard work; concentrating when you bring the envelope and the letter together and sort of bending the envelope outwards, if any doubt remains, for a final check-up on some identifying sentence. All this, I need hardly say, usually only happens when we are writing several letters at once; the only reason for bending a solitary envelope is having written the sort of letter that needed a rough draft, and not feeling convinced by the pieces of paper left over. Sociologists say that if anyone actually received a rough draft, no beginning or ending or else two or three, and whole paragraphs repeated word for word, then there would be a situation for you. Here, as a contrast, is one which really does happen frequently—that very short but quite long interval between opening an exciting letter and reading it. Philosophers define those few seconds spent in wiggling a slit along the envelope as the essence of the state of the present being now; what they mean is that the opener has time to reflect that in a hardly measurable interval the letter will be no longer a mystery, but that at the moment, and for quite a bit after, it still is.

When I mentioned envelope-bending I was thinking of home correspondence, but for mass dealing with envelopes we must turn to an office at the end of a busy day and note the tendency of stacked envelopes to be fuller one side than the other, and to stage landslides. Office letter-writers face many small situations, from the wrinkles in carbon paper to running off the page with the name and address at the bottom. Sometimes they collect their day's work in a book made of pink blotting-paper with round holes in the middle—a classy proceeding rather than a situation; but I mention it because of the difference between this kind of blotting-paper and what you get in real life—holes torn off round the edges. One other office situation I should like to bring in is the caller who has come to the wrong place. This happens in what is sometimes known as the outer

office, which may be defined as a room near the entrance and used to seeing human nature face-first round a door; and in the more unsophisticated outer offices the people who redirect lost callers are considered by their fellows to have made a very slight speech and not to have explained things very clearly.

MY next paragraph is quietly domestic; it concerns those people who sometimes find themselves left alone in the house for the evening, with nothing to do but get their own supper and sit down for a nice read. The thing about this sort of evening is its marked lack of planning, or rather of execution. Many people make their first mistake when they decide to listen to the wireless for half an hour before getting their suppers on a tray (people spending this sort of evening are awfully keen on trays, although the average supper overlaps the average tray by at least a side-plate), or to have a look at the paper, or do some small task which, though excellent and necessary in itself, can put the whole evening back by bringing on the sunset and, as it were, half-time. On the other hand, those who attack an evening in the right way will, I need hardly remind my readers, sit down in their arm-chairs, with everything but the salt on the little table beside them, in one of the most complacent moods known to humanity. It is just about now that the telephone rings, people being notably unpsychic about the supper-times of eaters off trays; and my readers will be lucky if they finish their meal, wash it up and get down to their book anywhere near schedule, which is why the rest of the household, returning at the time it said it would, is apt to be asked if it is back, or to be welcomed with a studious glance which is meant to add an hour to the reading-time. I must say something about these suppers eaten off trays. They are notable for being attacked determinedly at an angle, and are not a bit how the eaters had imagined them.

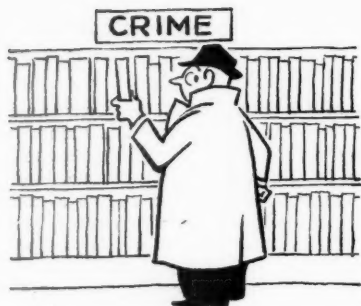
I propose to end on a very cheery note—how my readers feel when someone tells them something nice someone else has said about them. My readers are, quite definitely, only human, and I don't think I am going too far in saying that, along with their surprise, even along with an idea that they don't deserve it, goes a bit of a tendency to agree. The rest of the effect on them I would sum up as the warmest goodwill towards this someone else, an idea that the person who has handed it on has the same flattering opinion, and in the ensuing talk an inclination to show off in the respect just publicized.

ANDE.



"Four minutes to get a small dog off the pitch—it's enough to make 'W. G.' turn in his grave."

Not to be Frittered Away



IT will have passed quite unnoticed, I hope, that my return to dear old England followed immediately upon the signing of the Economic Co-operation Agreement between Britain and the United States of America. If not, let me emphasize that the synchronization was entirely unintentional—on my part at least.

This is not the first time that my movements have been embarrassed by the thoughtless behaviour of the world's statesmen. I remember the awful, empty feeling in the pit of my stomach when I arrived at Victoria from America and learned that Congress had sanctioned the big loan only a fortnight earlier. It *looked* so bad. And then, oddly enough, I had to leave Britain eighteen months later at the very moment when the same loan ran out, exhausted. Pressing engagements were of course to blame, just as they were responsible for my sudden dash to the United States in 1945, only a few days after Mr. Truman had announced that the lend-lease agreement was all washed up. You know, pressing engagements or no pressing engagements, people *do* talk.

Anyway, I am home now to stay—for at least four . . . wait a minute . . . yes, that's right, *four* years, I hope. After that who knows where Fate (and pressing engagements) may lead me?

Back in Europe again I have been amusing myself by trying to discover which country would offer most opportunities should pressing engagements compel me to cross the Channel rather than the Atlantic. Readers who are equally subject to pressing engagements and others who have still not made up their minds about a Continental holiday may be interested in my economic researches.

According to the collection of global indices on my desk Europe is in poor shape at the moment. Industrial output is low, food is scarce, inflation is rampant, and crime is increasing. Moreover, the roads are in need of tarmac. But Europe's misfortunes are not distributed on an equable basis: some bits of it are brighter than others. Take inflation, for example. From a distance Europe looks like a large spring-mattress, so numerous are the vicious spirals everywhere. Inflation is bad in France, Spain, Italy, Rumania, Hungary and Greece, but barely noticeable in Turkey, Switzerland, Belgium and Portugal. Unfortunately, these stable currencies are very badly distributed for a motoring holiday—much too scattered. They are easily

your safest bet, however, unless you want to pay unhygienically through the nose.

Turning now to goods available I can tell you that every country in Europe with the exception of Britain is now exporting less and importing more than it did in 1938. Here you are:

Exports. Imports.
(1938=100)

| | | |
|----------------------|--------|--------|
| Britain, 1947 | .. 106 | .. 77 |
| Rest of Europe, 1947 | 68 | .. 107 |

You'll have to find out for yourselves what they're importing more of (you've got a tongue in your head, haven't you?) and when to pretend that you didn't hear the price. And I can't tell you yet which countries are going in for this "import more and export less" business in the biggest way. But most of the loose merchandise tends to roll eastwards with the slope, so try to trap it before it gets under that iron-curtain thing.

Food is a problem everywhere. European agriculture is making a very slow recovery and production is still well below the pre-war figures. Pork production stands at 46 per cent. of the 1938 output, eggs at 64 per cent., fats at 63, milk at 71, grain at 75 and . . . what's this? . . . tobacco at 101 per cent. The only commodity back in normal supply! Always first things first in Europe!

If a diet of tobacco juice, rye bread and cabbage soup doesn't appeal to you, settle for a small village just outside one of the Marshall Aid ports. You never know, something might fall off the back of a lorry sometime . . .

Here, I say, this is *something*: "The most startling progress has been made in Bulgaria, whose industrial production has shot up from 95 per cent. of the 1938 volume at the beginning of 1946 to 149 per cent. in the third quarter of 1947." So why not write to Bulgaria for terms? There's a little place just outside Sofia, dirt very cheap, H. and C. and bombs in all beds, stone's throw from Moscow. If you don't, I will. Hod.

"In the most severe thunderstorm for twenty years at Whitby, Yorkshire, 1.19 inches of rain fell in three hours."

S. Wales paper.

In the form of bolts?

"PETROL
RACKET
IS DYING."

Headline in "Sunday Dispatch."

Not dyeing?

Unreal Estate

A MAN walked into a house-agent's in London with the remark, "I wanted to sell some land. But it is a rather unusual kind of sale that I wanted to make."

"We do all classes of business," said the house-agent. "Your name?"

And he gave his name, which was Would, and an address in Surrey.

"Perhaps," he explained, "I should not have said *rather* unusual. The fact is this particular class of business has never been done before."

The house-agent pricked up his ears at that, because he liked opening up new ground.

"You see," went on Mr. Would, "I never thought of selling before. Nor has anybody else, in this particular business. But it seems to me a bad time to own land. One does not quite know what this Government may do to landowners."

"I think you have gardens at the back of your houses there," said the house-agent.

"Yes," said Would, "I have a garden and a bit of a field."

"I should think," said the house-agent, "that gardens personally cultivated, as I believe all those are, would be quite safe. Absentee landlords who never go near their properties might perhaps be another matter."

"But that is exactly what I am," said Would.

"Don't you live down in Surrey?" said the other.

"Yes," said Would, "but the property I wish to dispose of is a long way away."

"And what is it?" asked the house-agent.

"Now, I don't want you to jump to any wrong conclusions," said Would, "or you may be thinking me crazy and want to send for a doctor. But it's not a doctor you want; it's a lawyer. Please get that into your head. It's simply a matter of English law. And I think that the time has come to sell. Partly for the reason I gave, and partly because the property will soon be increasing in value, on account of increased accessibility through the rapid advance of modern science."

"I ought to remind you, sir," said the house-agent, "that increased values of that nature are henceforth the property of the State and no longer go to the landlord."

"Still," said Mr. Would, "I should like to sell, however little I got for it, as nobody hitherto has ever got anything at all for such a property."

"And what is your property?" asked the house-agent.

"Now, I don't want you to be

alarmed," said the landowner, "by any novelty in the sale I propose, but the fact is that English law has established a landowner's ownership down to the centre of the earth and to unlimited heights in the sky."

"Yes, that is the law," said the house-agent.

"Well, then," said Mr. Would, "I don't propose to sell my share of the centre of the earth, because it is too minute to have any value. Even if it should turn out to be one large diamond, as of course it very well might, there would be far too many shareholders, apart from the difficulties of excavation, which we need not go into. But though my property shrinks to less than a pinpoint there, it widens very considerably going the other way, and I own at certain times a very large area of the moon. Now, I asked you not to get alarmed; and if you are going to attempt to set aside a law that is in the Statute Book, I shall have to call the police."

"Not at all, sir," said the house-agent.

"Very well, then, we will go into the matter of price," continued the landowner. "My garden and field together are something over two acres, which of course amounts, as I said, to a large

area of overhead cover at a distance of 250,000 miles. Well, then, they have already contacted the moon by radar, and rocket propulsion is bringing its accessibility closer every year."

"But, but," said the house-agent, "you only have such rights when the moon is straight overhead."

"I am only offering for sale my part share in part of the moon," said the landowner, "giving you of course your 5 per cent. on the deal. When anyone lands on the moon (and that may be sooner than you think) I should prosecute him for trespassing on my part of it while I owned it, however short that time might be. There wouldn't of course be any money in that, but there might be a very great deal in the development of the mineral rights, which, as I need hardly remind you, have never yet been touched. Well, what do you think of my offer?"

"I think you should see a doctor, sir," said the house-agent.

"I told you it was a matter for a lawyer," said Would. "But I see you are not in touch with recent developments of rocket propulsion, and do not appreciate how soon the moon may be put on the market. So I will take my property elsewhere." D.





"... so you can start here as a typist next Monday. You quite understand, of course, that having found you a post we shall require the first week's salary."

Rencontre

MRS. CANTICLE'S coming up Waverley Street,
Aggressive and ample as Venus.
She knows that I've seen her, she's seen me I
know,

But there's still the best part of a furlong to go
Before I salute her, and each must ignore
The other's existence until there's no more
Than a couple of paces between us.

*So look to the left, brother, look to the right,
Pretend Mrs. Canticle isn't in sight;
Look down at the pavement, look up at the sky,
It's too early to catch Mrs. Canticle's eye.*

Mrs. Canticle's coming, I cannot retreat,
She's a stickler for social convention.
I'll be charged with a quite unforgivable sin
If my features relax in a premature grin;
And how can I banish an impulse to run?

Shall I do up my shoe-lace? It isn't undone.
Is there nothing to rivet attention?

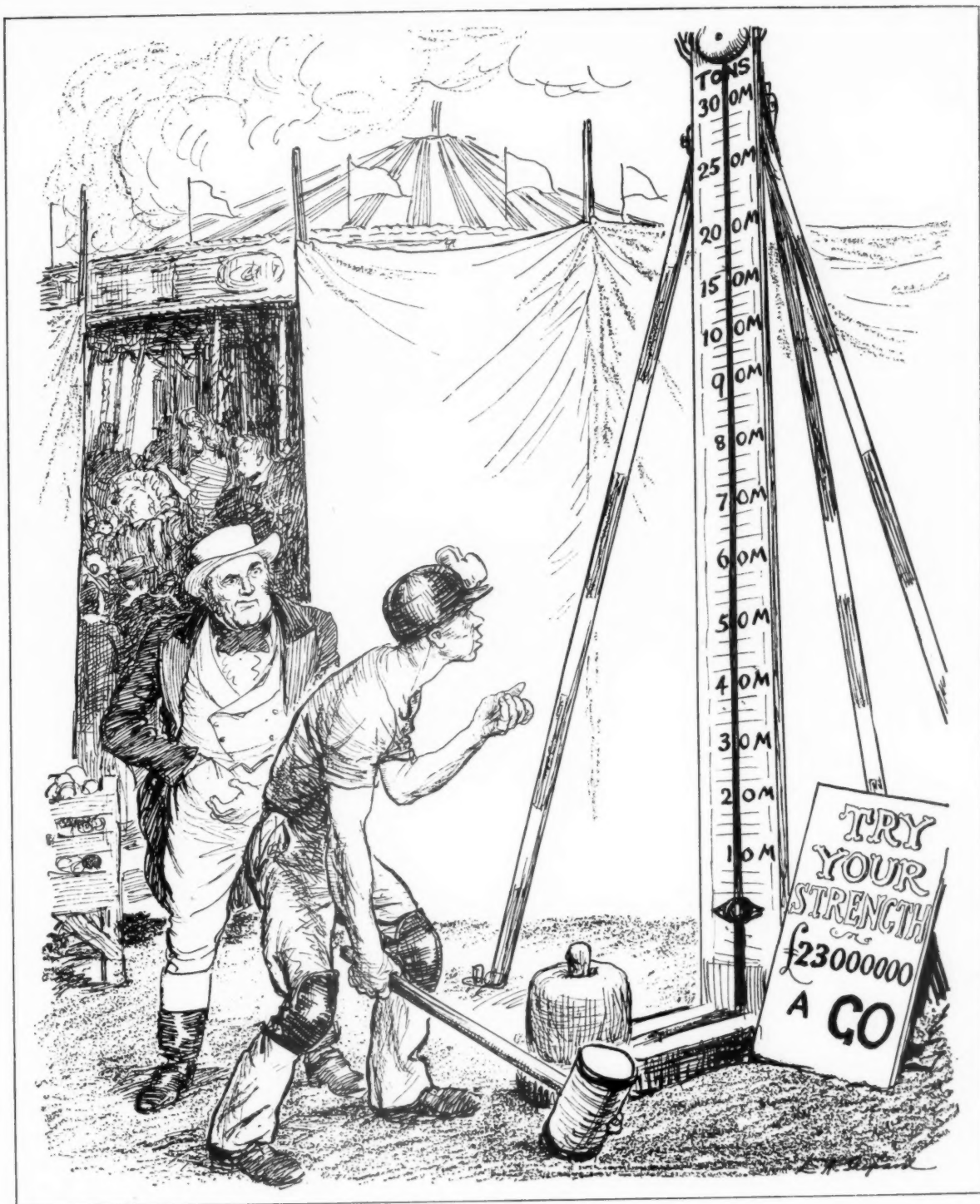
*Look nonchalant, brother, and don't think it weak
To pretend it's the wind that is flushing your cheek;
There is justification for acting a lie
In the strain of avoiding La Canticle's eye.*

Mrs. Canticle's coming, her mind is effete,
Her talk superficial and hollow.

I'm reputed a wit, but what is there to say?
"Good morning," to start with; "A beautiful day,
I hope you are well, what an odd place to meet,
Whatever brings you in to Waverley Street?"

I suppose that's the line I should follow.

*Well, brother, she's gone. You can look where you please
And expand in regaining your natural ease . . .
But there's something that irks me, I cannot deny,
In failing to catch Mrs. Canticle's eye.*



THE COAL TARGET

"All right! Try again and blow the expense."

MONDAY, July 12th.—

While it is comforting (at any rate to those who are apt to look on the Great Elected as a special kind of animal) to know that they, too, have that Monday feeling, people in the public galleries looked with evident disapproval at the Floor of the House of Commons to-day. For there were far more vacant than occupied seats. Vast expanses of empty bench spread to the horizon, and even the two front benches presented an all but deserted appearance.

When a debate on food began (after the Question-hour) the House consisted of forty-two Government supporters, one Communist, two Liberals, three Independents, thirty-two Conservatives. The other five hundred and sixty presumably had more pressing engagements elsewhere.

It was a pity, for the debate was opened by Mr. J. S. C. REID, who (despite a certain lack of verbal humour) is fast becoming one of the most devastating speakers on the Opposition front bench. He examines the Government's record with the cold and dispassionate precision of a judge and asks the most awkward questions with the searching incisiveness and persistence of prosecuting counsel. And all done with a twinkle in his eye, as though the whole thing were an elaborate leg-pull.

Mr. JOHN STRACHEY, the Food Minister, to-day's occupant of the dock, began by surveying Mr. REID with friendly interest, passed through a period of arched-eyebrowed surprise, and ended with an expression of mild pain. For Mr. REID wanted to know an awful lot about an awful lot of things—bread rationing, for instance, and ground-nuts, and subsidies, and potatoes, and . . . and . . .

Mr. STRACHEY wriggled on the bench and kept his Parliamentary Private Secretary, Mr. MALLALIEU, skipping about for ammunition for the counter-attack. He seemed surprised that a mere "calorie-intaker" (as his Department knows all humans) should thus assail him, but Mr. REID's sustained criticism clearly shook him.

When the time came for him to reply he startled the House by admitting that he had made a mistake—over the potato crop. A pessimistic estimate of its size had led him to spend a few tens of thousands of pounds on "spuds" from abroad; and he now announced that the home crop was so good that we could all be pleased. And, he added—with a brave attempt to snatch

Impressions of Parliament

Monday, July 12th.—House of Lords: Defeat No. 4.
House of Commons: Food Talk Again.

Tuesday, July 13th.—House of Commons: "Subject" or "Citizen."

Wednesday, July 14th.—House of Lords: The High Cost of Striking.

House of Commons: Mr. Bevan Proves Something.

Thursday, July 15th.—House of Commons: Crime and Punishment (New Edition).

a virtue from his fault—he only wished all estimates turned out the same way, and that he was wrong about *everything* on the same basis.

Ground-nuts? They would be a commercial proposition next spring. Bread rationing? That would end "as soon as possible." Food subsidies? They were running at the rate of £470 millions a year, instead of the top limit of £392 millions fixed in an earlier Budget. But that might be put right before the year ended.

Someone called bread rationing a "gigantic bluff," but Mrs. LEAH MANNING, while admitting that the scheme



Impressions of Parliamentarians

52. Captain Crookshank (Gainsborough)

was not working, advanced the ingenious plea that it should be retained—just in case it might be needed sometime.

Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, Mr. STRACHEY's lieutenant, bristled indignantly when Members criticised snoek (her special protégé) and, in winding up the debate, bluntly said that Members were "wrong to criticize" that much-discussed (but apparently little eaten) fish.

But the critics metaphorically cocked a snoek at the Minister and appeared quite unrepentant. However, the Food Minister imported a few supporters and was able to defeat by 256 votes to 117 a proposal to cut the money granted to

carry on his Ministry. It was all remarkably incisive—except the vote.

The Lords were being much more to the point, the subject being the Gas Bill. By 51 votes to 14 they inflicted a fourth defeat on the Government, this time in defence of the right of the consumer to choose between gas and electricity. The

Lord Chancellor said this was sometimes undesirable, but their Lordships exercised their choice and produced another resigned shrug from the Government.

Both Houses were saddened by news of the death of one of the best-loved men who ever entered Parliament—Sir Henry Fildes, known to all, from his physical appearance and his sparkling, inexhaustible fund of good humour and good stories, as "Mr. Punch." The echoing corridors will seem emptier without his drolleries and his merry laugh.

TUESDAY, July 13th.—That seemingly endless serial story about "British subjects" and "British citizens" was continued in the Commons to-day, with the Government demanding the restoration of its chosen word, "citizen," in preference to the word "subject," substituted by the Lords.

Armed with piles of law books and great typed briefs, the rivals worked hard on the point. Sir DAVID MAXWELL FYFE fought for "subject"; the Government, led by Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, fought stolidly for "citizen." But, since the Government Whips can command more citizens than the Opposition can subjects, the vote was a foregone conclusion. By 308 to 111 their Lordships' amendments were cut out. Now the Bill will go back to the Other Place for second thoughts, or otherwise (as Parliamentary draftsmen say), as the case may be.

At Question-time, Mr. MARPLES asked when the report of the Royal Commission on the Press might be expected, was told that next year was a reasonable estimate, and then blandly asked whether the report was being held up by the refusal of Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the Minister of Health, to appear as a witness in support of his charge that Britain's is the "most prostituted Press in the world." Mr. MORRISON would not confirm that.

WEDNESDAY, July 14th.—Lord MARCHWOOD, the only Peer to hold a master-mariner's certificate, wanted to know a few things about the recent "unofficial" dock strike in

London. For instance, how much it had cost in demurrage, how much it had cost workers in *other* industries in lost wages, how many man-hours the police had had to work in connection with the strike—all designed to show that the ill-advised action of the dockers had cost a lot of other people a lot of money and trouble.

Lord WALKDEN, switching on a reading-lamp on the Table, read an answer to the effect that it was impossible to be precise about cost, but that loss of ships' time alone had cost £880,000. The one thousand three hundred and fifty-eight police employed had worked ten thousand and ten hours.

Lord MARCHWOOD replied with a graceful little tribute to the dockers—"from personal experience"—and asked what had been done to investigate their legitimate grievances, as distinct from those political agitators might have conjured up. Lord WALKDEN promised that the whole thing would be looked into and added (with a creditable effort to look pleased) that there were "fewer unofficial strikes than we had years ago."

Their Lordships had a couple of revolutions. The first was the introduction of a new Peer, Lord MAENAN, at the age of ninety-four. He entered with a swinging stride, performed the

not inconsiderable athletics of the introduction ceremony with vigour, and read the Oath in a ringing voice. His reward was a cheer of a volume and warmth not often heard in the (Acting) Gilded Chamber.

The other revolution concerned Lord WEBB-JOHNSON, the surgeon. He, too, was formally introduced. This over, he went out, doffed his ermine robes, hurried back into the House and—made his maiden speech! All in ten minutes; thereby he made history.

"I expect I've broken every rule," said he cheerfully, "but I felt I *ought* to say something." The cheer he got confirmed his view.

The Commons were discussing housing, but it was an uninspiring debate, with little new in it. Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the Minister of Health, wound it up, speaking for thirty-two minutes. Of these, twenty-seven minutes went in rhetorical questions to the Tories (whom he recently described as lower than vermin), but the bait did not work, and not one got caught in the trap. The remainder of the speech (five minutes) chiefly consisted of a statement that he was "not going to say how many houses we shall build in 1949 and 1950," although he *did* say twenty thousand houses are being completed every month.

But Mr. BEVAN's best passage was one in which, analysing the housing waiting-lists of local authorities, he eliminated one class of applicant after another, until he seemed about to prove that every man, woman and child in the country had *two* houses each. However, he stopped short of that—in time to let the Government get a vote of confidence by 303 to 131.

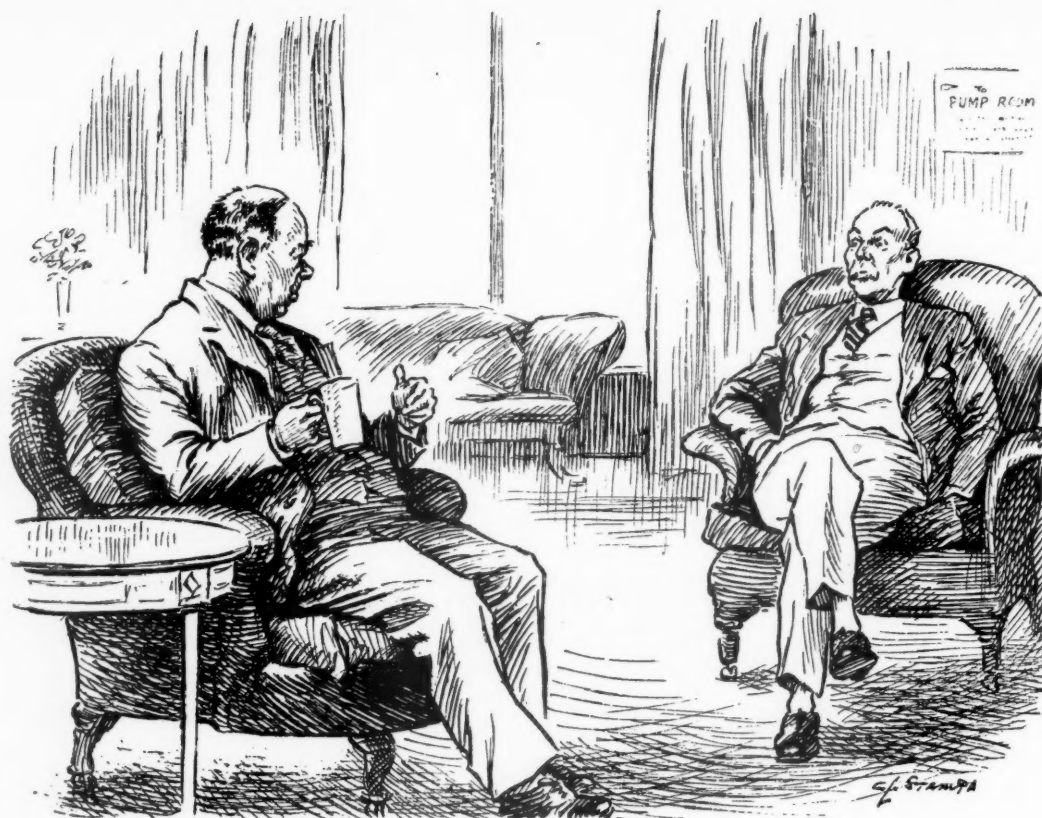
THURSDAY, July 15th.—The subject to-day in the Commons was the death penalty, and it arose from the Government's latest effort to sort out the "free vote" decision abolishing hanging for five years.

The Attorney-General, Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, moved a new clause (the Lords having reversed the abolition decision) the effect of which was to reserve death for the more heinous murders. Announcing that "there never was a compromise that was logical," and that "half a loaf was better than no bread," Sir HARTLEY recommended the compromise to the House.

Mr. CHURCHILL, calling the whole thing a "lamentable transaction," announced the intention of his followers to vote against it. Which, in due course, they did—only to be out-voted by the Government battalions. But there's always their Lordships' House.



"I thought you said that under nationalization the galley would belong to us."



"It's not the cure that I mind—it's the progressive backsliding afterwards."

Letter to a Young Man

MY boy, there is no law to say that you shall not become a dramatic critic (there may be, one day): so go ahead. But do not expect too much. It is a thankless job. You will anger a great many very sensitive people. Some of these will write rudely to you: and the grateful letters you receive from those you have pleased with your praise will not be numerous.

But go ahead—on one condition: that you do not hold on to the job a moment longer than you like it. Great credit, great wonder, is due to those dramatic critics who, after very many years on the job, still keep their old zest and interest, still go to a First Night hoping to enjoy it, and pleased to confess it if they do. You may, or may not, turn out to be one of this admirable and happy band. Most of them, by the way, are elderly: but we shall know about you quite soon. If

you are not of this breed, you will show it quickly by what you write: and you will know it yourself before you show it. When every First Night becomes a bore instead of an adventure: when you find yourself saying "Sorry, old boy, can't stay—I've got to go to another blasted play", give up the job. You've had enough—and so, very soon, shall we.

But you will, I hope, stay the course: and, assuming that you do, pray accept a humble hint or two.

Do not, however famous and well-respected you become, exaggerate your importance. You are a critic, not a creator: and nothing can alter that. It follows from this simple truth that you should not regard any dramatic work, however unworthy, as a mere opportunity to show how clever you are—or even how bored and liverish you are. Cantankerous old men have made great names in this way, on both sides of the

Atlantic: but they are not greatly loved. Nor do they do much good. Authors and artists lap up their occasional kind words, it is true: but pay no attention to their censure, because it is too offensive. A gentle word of reproof from the modest ones goes much deeper, and is remembered.

You have been invited by the management; and they are glad to see you there. But, since you have been invited, you are a guest. You will never, therefore, I am sure, make a nuisance of yourself personally, or give needless offence to your sensitive and anxious hosts. The old joke about the critic in the bar has been unfairly overdone: but, alas, here and there, there is something in it, though not in the front ranks of the profession. Sometimes you may be unavoidably late, but, if so, do not be surprised if the management are not eager to thrust you at once into your seat during a

tense or quiet scene. You will have a hard job, sometimes, getting your stuff to the paper in time for to-morrow's issue: but try, if you can, to stay till the end, which is often better than the bits that went before.

Then—for your own sake—do not go about after a First Night making bets, especially loud bets in places of public refreshment, that the piece will be "off" in a few weeks or months. You are a critic, not an astrologer or tipster. You are well entitled to say: "The audience seemed to like it, and, for all I know, the public may like it: but I did not." That is a legitimate expression of your own opinion. But if you go about betting that it will be "off" in six weeks you are presuming to predict what the public's opinion will be. If the play runs for a year you will look rather an ass—and how unnecessarily! Do not suppose, by the way, that you will be able to make even a discreet bet of this kind without it "getting round". Everyone within earshot rushes at once to the author and the manager.

One other small note on personal conduct—or rather a polite query, to which perhaps you do not know the answer yet. Is there a rule, tradition, or custom in the critics' craft that they shall never laugh, or show other signs of approval? Are they commanded to sit like grim Cassandras at the feast while the thoughtless children laugh and applaud about them? Or is it that they have seen so many plays, poor things, and know the hollowness of human effort so well, that they simply cannot laugh any more?

If there is such a rule, it is not always observed, my boy: so take heart. There was a charming exchange between two distinguished critics at a First Night, a year or two ago. Critic B can say a severe word as well as any when he wishes: but he still *enjoys* the theatre, and when he is amused, he is not ashamed to laugh and laugh loudly, and spreads a little happiness too. Behind him sat Critic A, one of the elderly cantankerousities already referred to, who should have given up the job years before (he is now dead, so no offence to present company). At last he could stand B's signs of pleasure no longer. He tapped B on the shoulder and said severely: "What is the matter with you? This is not a witty song: and the young woman singing it has no talent whatever!" B then turned round and said "My dear A, will you kindly allow me to enjoy myself in my own simple fashion?" Remember that story, my boy, and laugh if you feel like laughing. No charge will be made.

Remember, too, that plays are not written to be performed by a first-night company before a first-night audience. The actors are worn out with rehearsals and incandescent with nerves. The leading lady has been sick. At any moment the scenery may jam: and it would be too much to expect *all* the lighting arrangements to go well. During the difficult changes of scene there will be such a noise behind them that the actors can hardly hear themselves speak. They are not quite sure where the "laughs" will come (privately, they do not think that the author has given them many): and when one comes that they never expected (or vice versa) they are disconcerted. The audience contains a good many of your admirable but not exhilarating colleagues (always excepting Mr. B). The rest of it is as electric as the actors. Most of the chaps have come with great good-will—perhaps with too much, because they have friends or relatives in the show. But many come in the mood of the Man from Missouri, "You've got to show me": and the two moods clash. They do not know what to expect: and if they expect something different they are disappointed. Any disappointment will be as unnaturally swift and violent as their pleasure if they are pleased. In short, they are not an audience at all: and, as many wise men have remarked before, the first night is the last night the critic ought to go.

It is no use arguing about that now. But, for your own instruction, you should now and then (you will seldom have time, I know) go back and see a play again, especially if you have been doubtful or sniffy about it. The actors will have settled down: they know where the author's laughs are and have added a few of their own. The scenery works: the band is not so loud. And the audience are playing their part. They have all paid for their seats, which makes a big difference. They have come to enjoy themselves, and for nothing else—to see a play and not a social event. They are an audience. You may still dislike the show, but it will be much more nearly what the author imagined and the manager intended.

This is especially true of a musical piece. Do not, by the way, be one of the clever lads who write: "The only tune I could hum as I came away was 'God Save The King!'" After all, you have heard the National Anthem many times: you have just heard many tunes for the first time, and you may not have a good musical memory. A man came back from the first performance of *The Gondoliers* and said:

"Not bad. But there's only one tune in it." Most of the notices of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas said that the music of play B was "tuneful" or "pleasant" but not very "catchy," and there was nothing to catch the ear like the song so-and-so in play A. But if you look back to the same chap's notice of play A, you find that he said nothing about the song so-and-so and did not think the music very "catchy".

And count a hundred, dear boy, before you write: "The music is pleasant but reminiscent". Reminiscent of what? You've no idea. One day an angry composer may put you in the witness-box and ask you to hum the particular tunes of which his tunes reminded you. And you'll be sunk.

Also, dear boy, I should try not to write, with an air of surprise, of a musical play, "The story is very slight". Of course it is! It has to be. The author would not have done his job if it wasn't. A simple arithmetical calculation will make this clear. The "straight" playwright has, say, one hundred and fifty minutes in which to tell and develop his story, one—or perhaps no—change of scenery and no one to interrupt him. The librettist has the same number of minutes to play with: but perhaps two-thirds of them must be given up to music, to song and dance. There are many changes of scenery, and they all take at least a little time. If you want an elaborate story as well you must give the fellow four or five hours.

Can you think, by the way, of any successful musical play of which the story was not "very slight"? How solid was the story of *The Mikado*? And could you now say what that story is?

One more word. If you still, after this, think it necessary to spend five lines of wit and sarcasm on the "slightness" of an English libretto, do not, when you go to an American musical piece, write "The story is delightfully simple". Let them have it too, you clever boy.

Nor, in these days of paper shortage, should I use much space in saying that "The play starts slowly". For various technical reasons, with which I will not weary you, a musical play *must* start slowly. There is only one thing slower than the beginning of *Oklahoma!* that is the end of *Oklahoma!* And that is a world's record.

Good luck, old chap! A. P. H.

Is There a Clock-mender in the House?

"I reflected that the pendulum had swung full circle since my day."—*Golf Monthly*.

FRANK VOSPER'S *People*

Like Us, banned when it was first written as sailing too close to the Thompson-Bywaters case, is now seen at Wyndham's to be a well-made play about an exceedingly sordid killing, a play which takes the stage confidently while not stirring in us any emotion more lively than that with which we read of another fifty thousand persons being engulfed in some new inferno at the other end of the world. Opportunities to harrow are not wanting in the individual calamities it depicts, but it is a study of crime—of very ugly crime—that chooses the cooler angle of the psychologist. VOSPER knew a great deal about the presentation of a story, and about the use of humour and the unexpected, but his interest lay in causes more than in results, though the results are here theatrically quite exciting.

The revolt of *Ethel* against her suburban family and then against the dull, adoring husband she marries for escape is convincing, because she is a wildly imaginative egotist with very little decent feeling. It is harder to believe that a couple of years of marriage even to her would have turned this husband into a sadist who uses his knowledge that the lodger is her lover as a lever for torture. Both as oaf and devil Mr. CLIVE MORTON plays him with an admirably surly understatement, yet so great a change in character still goes unexplained. When *Ethel* grinds sleeping tablets into his beer we think (at least those of us who have mercifully poor memories for front-page news) his quietus has arrived; but the tantalizing fellow has substituted chalk for dope, and so it is up to the lodger, returned from the seas with a wicked-looking knife, to settle the account. The last act, showing *Ethel's* reactions to her sentence of death during an interview with her pathetic old father, closes in a strain of crazy triumph, reached via hysteria. It leaves loose ends, but the core of the play is justifiably the state of *Ethel's* mind. This is creditably demonstrated by Miss KATHLEEN MICHAEL, a young actress of marked emotional power. The honest mariner, led astray by *Ethel*, is taken soundly by Mr. ROBERT

At the Play

People Like Us (WYNDHAM'S)—Rosmersholm (ARTS)
Georgia Story (NEW LINDSEY)

FLEMYNG, Miss OLGA LINDO introduces the single note of genuine tragedy in a brief but brilliant appearance as his mother, and Miss ALISON LEGGATT, Mr. MILES MALLESON and Miss ANNA TURNER exploit domestic humours richly as *Ethel's* parents and sister. The scene in which *Ethel* and her husband are at home to her family

Rosmer's consuming remorse for the death of his wife or about the inverted passion which leads him and *Rebecca* to suicide. If one cannot believe that non-swimming couples jump into mill-races nowadays for quite such lofty reasons one is at least persuaded by IBSEN that once they did. Mr. PETER POWELL's production at the Arts brings out the essence of the play, but is more uneven than it need be. Mr. MARIUS GORING has the delicacy and nobility for *Rosmer*, but is most embarrassingly thatched; Miss LUCIE MANNHEIM's *Rebecca* is a very exact piece of acting occasionally marred by a strange tendency to shout in an alarming way. Of the extra-rectorial team Mr. STANLEY VAN BEERS' snakily sinister editor is cut the sharpest.

A little late, perhaps, slave-owners are catching it hot and strong in the post-war theatre. The newest assault is Miss CONSTANCE COX's *Georgia Story* at the New Lindsey, which shows how Fanny Kemble, the English actress (and daughter of Charles Kemble), married a pig-headed young squire, did her best to make life less frightful for his negroes, was nearly broken in the process and finally sheered off. The trouble with the play and with Miss YVONNE

MITCHELL's performance as *Fanny*, which is engaging but immature, is their failure to give us more than rather childish domestic squabbles arising out of rather childish tilting at the inhumanities of the plantation. Surely *Fanny*, a popular figure in two countries at the time, must have dealt with both more firmly? At any rate it would have made a more interesting play. Mr. DENIS CAREY's production needs a touch of the accelerator. There are fair performances, chiefly by Mr. LEONARD SACHS and Mr. FRANCIS DE WOLFF, and a clever set by Mr. RICHARD LAKE which calls in Euclid and the Law of Diminishing Mantel-pieces to solve the problem of giving depth to a small stage. ERIC.



(Georgia Story)

BACKGROUND TO SEPARATION

Pierce Butler Mr. MANNING WILSON
Fanny Kemble Miss YVONNE MITCHELL

and the sailor in one of those nerve-torn edge-of-the-chair parties is the best in the play and is handled beautifully by Mr. MURRAY MACDONALD, who misses nothing in the awful eagerness, the nice hesitations and the glorious breakdown of little *Ivy's* parlour warbling.

To-day the surprising thing about *Rosmersholm* is not that the locals should have thought it odd for the parson and an unmarried lady to share the rectory, but that they should have taken so long to come to this opinion. The polemics of the play—the position of the Radical in society, the scope of the emancipated woman, the strength and weakness of platonic love—ring

Conversation Piece

"MUMMY, why isn't there any more gravy?"

"Daddy, listen. There's a new boy at school who—"

"Well, that's nothing." Richard's snarl strews the table with damp crumbs.

"Will it be all right if Priscilla comes to tea on Sunday, Mummy? It's her birthday. Well, it isn't actually her birthday but—"

"Oh, shut up. Daddy, listen. There's a new boy—"

"No, Julia, I was not born in the Crimean War. You are thinking of the Boer War. Yes, so is Peter, though he's only eight."

"I'm not! I'm nearly nine."

"But, Mummy, why can't she come? Well, can I ask her for next Sunday?"

"Julia, sit up! Look what you've done."

"Well, you must be much older than Uncle Stephen, and he's forty-four, because I know."

"Little babies always spoil all down themselves. Ought to wear feeders wiv wabbits on."

"You can't talk. You couldn't see the stripes on your tie for egg when you got home."

"Well, that's nothing."

"Ar-r-r! Look who's at the window—sweet little poo-cat Binkie. Come on, then, Sweetie-pie."

"Julia, if you let that cat in—"

"Not Sweetie-pie—Sourie-pie, you mean. She ate—"

"Sourie-pie yourself."

"Children! Now, Daddy, will you have a little more pudding?"

"Mary, be careful with that spoon."

"There is none, anyway."

"There was . . ."

"There's always soup at school on the day they scrub the floors."

"Can I drive the tractor this afternoon, Daddy?"

"A girl at our school got a mouse in her porridge, honestly."

"Well, that's nothing. You said I could."

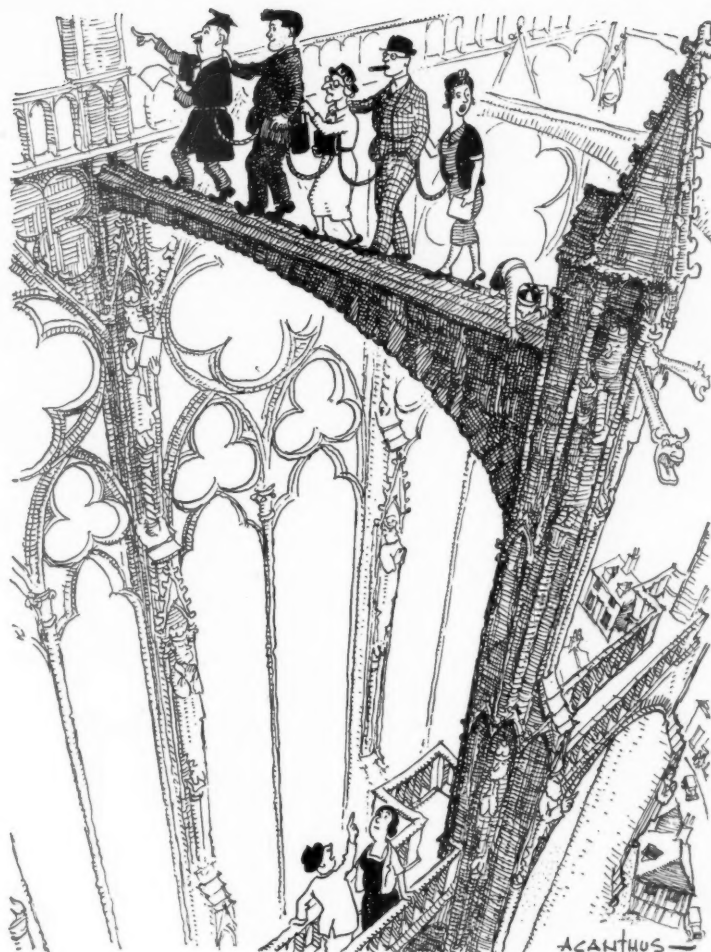
"I am trying to explain, Richard, if only I could get a word in edgeways, that I am merely going to take my boots to Mr. Brambleby's, and then cut the grass till it is time to go for the cows. And so neither of you will drive the tractor, do you see?"

"Daddy, how did the cow get struck by lightning? Was it dead? What did it look like?"

"All covered with porridge."

"Mary, that loaf will have to do for tea, dear."

"Oh, Mummy, my old one's far too



"Another of those conducted tours!"

short, and Felicity's having a new one."

"Farmer, miner, mill-girl, land-girl, civil servant, planner, drone, spiv. Two more, please, Mummy."

"There's Daddy's industrial ten."

"Honestly, you should see Felicity's goal-keeping, super! Mummy, listen."

"Do stop saying listen. I am listening."

"You can't have been. You were fussing over Julia."

"Being Mummy, I am trained to do anything up to six things at once."

"The man who did that had to stop because he was going mad. He beat a drum with his toes, and sang a song—"

"Well, that's nothing."

"How many tests has Bradman played in?"

"Are you Oxford or Cambridge?"

"Why can't we keep a goose?"

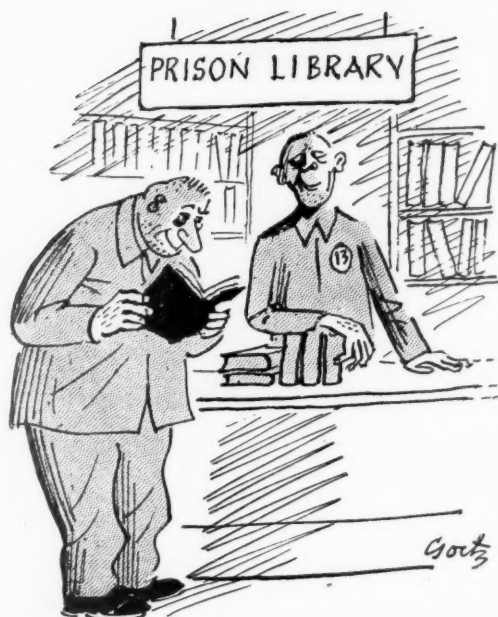
"Year Book. Manchester. Not enough grass. And Mummy does not want orange juice on the walls and ceiling. You can all go outside and eat them in the garden."

"Do you know, darling, I often think with affection nowadays of my old nurse and her quaint sayings. One of them was that children should be seen and not heard."

Four voices from the garden: "Well, that's nothing."

No Campanology for Mrs. Beeton

"Here's a Sussex recipe. Line a small pudding basin with a thick layer of pastry, and in the middle of it put a whole unpeeled lemon."—*Woman.*



'Excellent book that—they never catch him.'

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Contemporary Writing

Little Reviews Anthology (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 10/6), edited by Mr. DENYS VAL BAKER, contains poems, stories and essays selected from the numerous literary magazines which in the harsh world of to-day draw their breath in pain and, in a good many instances, at irregular intervals. Much courage and enterprise, at any rate, have gone into the production of these magazines, the aims of which are summarized in a very interesting bibliography. Regional patriotism, Irish, Scottish and Welsh, is the impulse behind quite a number of them; there is even a paper, "New Saxon," which seeks to stimulate the regional spirit in Englishmen, and "Here To-day" is centred on a single town, Reading, which it hopes to transmute into a model community. At the other extreme, "International Short Stories" endeavours to promote international friendship by publishing short stories by writers of different nationalities; and "Phoenix Quarterly," rising clean above this planet of ours, "considers the issues of the time under the form of eternity." To give a clear idea of an anthology collected from so many different sources is hardly possible. There are poems by, among others, Mervyn Peake, Leslie Norris, Charles Madge and Fred Marnau. There are excellent critical essays by George Orwell, on the English language, R. C. Churchill, on the Christian Literary Revival, Philip Toynbee, on Virginia Woolf, and Raymond Mortimer, on Koestler. And there are some short stories, one of which, by the editor, is not only free from plot and dialogue but is also unencumbered by any characters.

H. K.

The Glory That Was Greece

To the site of the city of Athens, bordered "on all sides by an ideal relation of views, bathed in a light that exhilarates without dazzling," and even more to the refinement of the Greek language as a means of expression, Mr. C. P. RODOCANACHI ascribes the wonder of that achievement of "every perfection in art, in thought, and in social organization" which is the theme of his book *Athens and the Greek Miracle* (ROUTLEDGE AND KEGAN PAUL, 12/6). The Minoan Ægeans, who had enjoyed the same geographical advantages, showed no such quickening perfection, so to the Greek tongue he is inclined to attribute the greater share in bringing into being that flame which for a bare century, five hundred years before the birth of Christ, illuminated his country. This is the argument of his book, in which, though it is written ostensibly in prose, it is difficult not to say that he "sings" the glory that was Greece, and, bringing his story down to the present, shows how in many things the Athenians of to-day are the sadly lessened but recognizable children of their ancestors. In this connection he is very amusing in describing that delight in words which persists among them and occasionally astonishes men of more taciturn breeds: "For a Greek, argument is less the crossing of rapiers than the erection of parallel columns . . . The whole point is to build higher and faster than your opponent." Some readers may not consider that all the columns which Mr. RODOCANACHI builds have sound foundations, but they will enjoy watching their erection. The mellow tones of ancient marbles, the movement of Athenian life through the centuries, the beauty of Alcibiades, the wisdom of Socrates, with St. Paul appearing as a "squalid-looking and outlandish speaker," all gleam and shine through the pages of a very individual book, wide in its scope, its thought and its knowledge and vivid in its images.

B. E. S.

Heaven Lies About Us.

Written in shapely prose, and as full as Prospero's island of sounds, colours and sweet scents, *An Indian Boyhood* (HOLLIS AND CARTER, 9/6) is eminently a book to buy and keep—or buy and give. The boy Gopal is at once the author, a judge's grandson living in a vast old mansion in Calcutta, and every boy apprehending existence with the sensitive antennæ of eleven to twelve. What distinguishes his "contacts" from ours is their lack of class hatreds and family maladjustments, their happy dove-tailing of rich and poor, youth and age. Gopal's home is peopled with relatives. He has his own fourteen-year-old servant, Beni. And his circle of town and country friends comprises sweet-makers, goldfish-sellers, a young Brahmin, a huntsman who will only hunt alone, on equal terms with his tigers, and a hermit, bereft of wife and child, who exhibits for Gopal and his friend Dasu some of that white magic with which his search to render mind supreme over matter has endowed him. Mr. NOEL SIRCAR's story is never out of touch with life. It is full of childish things: pet animals, kite-contests, fireworks, a travelling theatre and a home routine of infinite courtesy. But the life is life sustained to unusual heights by a delicate apprehension of its texture and quality.

H. P. E.

Cesare Borgia

The Borgia Testament (COLLINS, 9/6) is Mr. NIGEL BALCHIN's idea of the kind of autobiography Cesare Borgia might have written towards the close of his career, after he had been out-manœuvred and imprisoned by Pope Julius II. Cesare, an illegitimate son of Pope Alexander VI, tried to

unify Italy as a preliminary step to re-establishing the Roman Empire. He was a brilliant soldier and, up to a point, an able negotiator, who formed the nucleus of the army with which he conquered the Romagna out of troops borrowed from the French king. Had penicillin been in use in his day, he would not have collapsed before thirty. At a critical moment he was too ill to stand up to his ablest opponent, and died with his passion for *lebensraum* very imperfectly assuaged. What kind of apologia he would have written one can only surmise, but that it would have much resembled the apologia Mr. BALCHIN has written for him is improbable. As a sketch of the main events in Cesare's life *The Borgia Testament* is admirable, and can be recommended to anyone who wishes to acquaint himself with the career of one of the great freebooters of the Renaissance. As a self-portrait of an exploded dictator it is falsified by the curt sophisticated sentimentality of a writer masquerading as a man of action. Mr. BALCHIN has substituted for the ingenuous self-pity of a thug in *extremis* the factitious stoicism of the self-conscious tough so familiar to readers of contemporary fiction.

H. K.

For Ichthyolaters

Fishermen, both coarse and refined, fall into two sorts, the Romantic and the Senior Wrangler. The first draw innocent pleasure from the small cumulative joys of the waterside, as well as from the occasional catching of a fish, an incident regarded as being too mysterious for profitable inquiry; while the second approach the river with a cooler spirit and a neat portmanteau containing test-tubes, microscopes and biological follies in heavy metal. This distinction is vital, because the Romantics are unlikely to get much fun from a book which goes into the specific gravity of the egg of the Mayfly spinner, whereas all Senior Wranglers worth their salt will find Mr. H. D. TURING's *Trout Problems* (BLACK, 15/-) delightfully hard going. It has a graph of the curve of oxygen saturation at sea-level which should ease conversation in fishing-huts on many wet days to come, and a pregnant still-life of the corn on the forceps of one of the "olives" that will set a lot of doubts at rest. But, wrangling apart, this is an extremely able and interesting book for those who can take concentrated theory. Mr. TURING, who believes oxygenation to be the main factor governing the rise, appears to dispose of the attractive "Solunar" notion with Houghton Club figures of the times of rises during two months on the Test. His chapters on the nymph are challenging. Weed he considers unnecessary to all bar one—the grannom—of the flies imitated by fishermen, though of course he emphasizes its importance for shelter, oxygen and current direction. And as to flies, he thinks their pattern much less important than the way they float, and he suggests, most comfortably in these ruinous days, that with a few olives varied in size and shade you can get along very well.

E. O. D. K.

The Dangerous Edge

Apostolic novelists should surely be warned that the religio-erotic affairs of those who used to love and save their souls in new French books, and now accomplish the feat in British ones, need an exceptionally competent technique both theological and literary. One cannot say that Mr. GEORGE SCOTT-MONCRIEFF exhibits either, in so far as the main theme of *Death's Bright Shadow* (WINGATE, 9/6) is concerned. His contemporary middle-class Edinburgh, his seedy but still gallant Scottish country-houses, the pawky elders who play chorus to half-a-dozen tiresome

young people, are handled racily enough. Great-Aunt Kate Macpherson in her windy Highland home, Sir Grant Comyn, eccentric amateur of the Old Town, are in the moribund Christian tradition. None of the books neo-Catholics strike one as promising first-fruits of a new one; although the hero, who spends most of his time meditating on the curiously mixed faith and morals of a friend's dead mistress, achieves something like an integrated life just as the war arrives to disrupt it. One suggests, with diffidence, that much of Robert Nisbet's preoccupation with mysticism is due to his distaste for work, a distaste naturally coupled with the conviction that "if God has a purpose for us it's almost certain to be different from any that we plan for ourselves."

H. P. E.

Sawdust and Spangles

Whatever new developments in the shape of mechanized entertainment the years may bring, the day seems as yet far distant when the circus, with its liberty-horses and lion-tamers, its clowns and acrobats, its dashing bareback riders, its tiers of hard, hard seats, and—above all—its pervading smell of sawdust and animals, begins to lose its hold on the affections of the British public, old and young. Many circus fans, therefore, will welcome eagerly the appearance of *British Circus Life*, the latest addition to Messrs. HARRAP's admirably-produced "British Ways of Life" Series (18/-); the more so since the cover bears the name as part author of the late Lady ELEANOR SMITH, whose vigorous and colourful romances did so much in recent years to maintain the popularity of the circus. Unfortunately, however, the book, which describes life with a small North Country circus round the year, shows regrettably little of the vivid sense of atmosphere and movement which characterized Lady ELEANOR's tales of the sawdust ring and its denizens. Its manner is dull and uninspired, its matter submerged beneath a mass of irrelevant detail; and one is drawn to surmise that the joint author and editor, whose names also appear on the cover, are responsible for the greater part of the book. Moreover, so large a proportion both of the letterpress and of the pictures are given up to the personality of the proprietor—"our hero," as he is termed—that the volume cannot justly claim to present a true picture of circus life as a whole.

C. F. S.





"Excuse me, but have you a permit to fish this section of the stream?"

The Greatest Show on Earth

(Some impressions recorded by an Observer present in rear of the dais on the occasion of the March Past the Admiral by the Ship's Company of H.M.S. —.)

THE following characters were seen, not necessarily in order of their appearance:

1. **STAGGERING.** My right hand is pressing against my head so hard that, as you can see, it is bending my whole body backwards.

I hope to be able to retain my equilibrium until I reach Number 3 Marker.

2. **FORWARD-TOPPLING.** I've got to avoid leaving a gap between me and the next ahead, and I think it will be less obvious that I'm astern of station if I incline myself forward. The fact that this gives me rather a furtive look cannot be helped.

3. **HUMORIST.** How entertaining that only the Admiral and I are in on this little joke! (Highly photogenic.)

4. **WELL MET.** Here I am walking round the Flight Deck of a Sunday forenoon, as anyone might, when on looking to the left—rather sharply, but quite by chance—I see my Admiral.

My face naturally lights up with a mixture of astonishment and pleasure at this remarkable occurrence.

5. **KIND AND THOUGHTFUL.** I know you're there, but I think you'll only be embarrassed if I look towards you, so I'll concentrate on the next ahead.

6. **SPORADIC.** You were there when I passed Number 2 Marker. I'll check up from time to time out of the corner of my eye to see if you're still there.

7. **MYOPIC.** Which one's the Admiral?

8. **RELIEVED.** Oh! There you are!

I don't know if you noticed, but I had a nasty experience to begin with when I found myself staring at point-blank range at an ugly man in gaiters.

9. **BULLDOG BREED.** This fierce expression is not animosity, nor yet annoyance at the peculiar antics of my left arm, but is meant to convey the idea that you and I between us should be able to fix the next war without the assistance of these other types.

10. **STROLLER.** Having watched these functions before, I realize that the people who try the hardest almost invariably look the most grotesque. That's why I'm endeavouring to look perfectly natural. If the result gives the impression of a gentleman out for a stroll in the park I know you'll understand.

La Conscience de M. Ripoché

I WAS chasing the rearguard of a sublime, a celestially yellow-battered, omelet round my plate with a bit of bread and thinking how easily one could be beautiful and good if breakfast were always at ten, when M. Tarragon came out on to the terrace holding a telegram, his kind old face puckered like a baby's.

"It is M. Ripoché," he said glumly. "M. Marcel Ripoché, the dramatist. He arrives at lunch-time for an indefinite stay."

"Is that a bad thing?"

"One cannot fairly call it so, because by nature he is a man of the greatest charm and good-will. At the same time by no stretch of the imagination can it possibly be called a good thing."

"He is perhaps a ceaseless drunkard, or subject to maniacal seizures unwelcome to the other guests," I suggested.

"On the contrary, he is most temperate and gentle."

"Then tell me," I begged, diving recklessly into the honey.

"It is a question of his work. He is that rarity, an artist at the mercy of an ungovernable conscience. To the people he creates he feels responsible as would a father."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Is he a successful playwright?"

"Successful enough to order *homard à l'armoricaine* and never to drink a bottle near the top of the list. He came last summer for the first time, and it was easy to see he was in the grip of some great despair, some overwhelming melancholy. I had no doubt he had been wounded in a matter of the heart, but at dinner when Hortense brought him the menu he took her sadly by the arm and said, 'M'amselle, in your opinion would a girl, young and true, possibly be justified in leaving a mother whose life is an open scandal and whose behaviour to her since early childhood has been marked by the most reprehensible brutality?' Hortense, who is nothing if not practical, replied, 'Leaving, M'sieu? For whom?' M. Ripoché, looking even more unhappy, said, 'For a man, M'amselle.' 'A good man?' asked Hortense. 'As yet I do not know,' M. Ripoché admitted. 'Then it is all quite simple,' said Hortense. 'She must of course leave such a mother immediately, but this man must marry her. There is cold soup if M'sieu would prefer it.' At this M. Ripoché banged his fist on the table and cried, 'He shall! He shall!' When Hortense returned to the kitchen she informed me the poor

gentleman was up to his neck in every sort of domestic trouble, and when he had a drink with me later in the evening I remarked I was sorry to hear it.

"Ah, you mean my little Bergamote?" he asked cheerfully. 'It is all settled by your wise Hortense. The dear child is to marry Louis at once.' And then he told me he was writing a play called *Silted Souls*, that he had got stuck and, as it seemed he always did when this happened, had driven straight into the country. 'I shall stay until the second act is well under way,' he said. 'I feel I owe it to little Bergamote, so young and so defenceless.'"

Here M. Tarragon snorted.

"For a week or so everything went smoothly. Then one day he crept into the restaurant with a terrible look on his face, a man utterly haunted. He stared for some minutes at a *volaille de bresse* as if it were cyanide, before jumping to his feet and declaring in his magnificent deep voice, that rumbled through the crowded room, 'He shall be killed! It isn't murder, it's justice!' I ask you!" cried M. Tarragon. "That kind of thing is depressing to business."

"What was the trouble?" I asked.

"Louis had turned out a bad lot. Refused to marry Bergamote, and from what I could learn of the girl he showed prudence. I suggested to M. Ripoché that he had the remedy in his own hands, that Louis could have a halo with a stroke of the pen. At that he was aghast. 'Am I a tyrant, M'sieu?' he cried. 'My characters are free individuals to develop as they please!' Well, you'd think this infernal conscience was enough, but as well, it seems, he is a realist of realists. We had staying in the hotel a nice young pork-butcher from Amiens who had just failed to swim the Channel. And as far as it was possible for a man of M. Ripoché's undoubted courtesy to pester he plagued him about his sensations on a long swim. All the butcher could tell him was it was dull and boring and he didn't recommend it. M. Ripoché kept urging him to explain what went on inside his spirit, and of course the poor young man grew more and more alarmed. This absurdity continued until one evening there was an appalling commotion out there in the river, a man drowning. It was Ripoché, a weak swimmer, who had tried to come across. I went to condole as they carried him in, and found him transfigured with joy. 'The feelings of Augustin are at last an open book to me,' he whispered."

"Augustin?" I asked.

"The silly little Bergamote had made a mess of cutting Louis' throat," explained M. Tarragon tartly, "and so he shut her up on an island. Rather sensibly, I think. But this oafish Augustin, who had long loved her from afar, stubbed his toe on a bottle with a note in it when he was bathing, and though an even poorer swimmer than his author set off to her rescue. And now perhaps you understand my attitude to this estimable M. Ripoché?"

"I do indeed," I said.

I was still sitting there when a two-seater drew up in the square, and out of it stepped a tall lean man with the face of a tortured hawk. He studied me for a little and then came across.

"You will, I trust, forgive the intrusion of a stranger," he murmured brokenly, "but may I ask in all sincerity what would be your first action if you had poisoned both your father and your mother?"

"I should have a large gin and French," I said without a moment's hesitation, as I propelled him towards the bar.

ERIC.



"What! this old thing?"

Haywire

A RECENT Syrup Poll has revealed the astounding and disgusting fact that ninety-eight per cent. of the population do not care a toot whether the Haywire Industry is nationalized or not. The other two per cent. ruined their papers by drawing on them large portraits of an unrecognizable man of advanced years smoking a cigar.

It may therefore be useful to give a brief report on the present state of the industry, because it may be said without fear of contradiction that unless the Haywire Industry is either nationalized or decontrolled it will ring the death-knell of the Empire. All political parties are agreed about this, though some of them lean perhaps a shade towards nationalization and the others towards decontrol. The Government White Paper on the Decline of Haywiring in the Midlands puts the whole position clearly before the people of Britain. It points out that the average productivity of the adult haywirer has declined from 0.2 per standard stoup in 1873 to 0.14 per standard stoup in 1947, although it is fair to say that allowance must be made for the replacement of the elliptical stoup by the horizontal or obnoxious stoup after the Smunk-Hassey Report of 1923. Against this must be placed increased mechanization and the introduction of Double Summer Time.

The Conservative Haywire Charter

goes, as one might expect, even farther. It claims that the vitamin-content of the 1948 haywire is only 42.5 per cent. of the vitamin-content of the 1937 haywire, or 83.72 per cent. if allowance is made for overall garbage extraction. Moreover, the fact that 87 per cent. of first-grade haywire is now reserved for export to hard-currency areas has almost completely deprived the working-class housewife of the chance of including this delectable item in her family diet. The amount of slate now delivered with domestic haywire has also greatly reduced husk-emission.

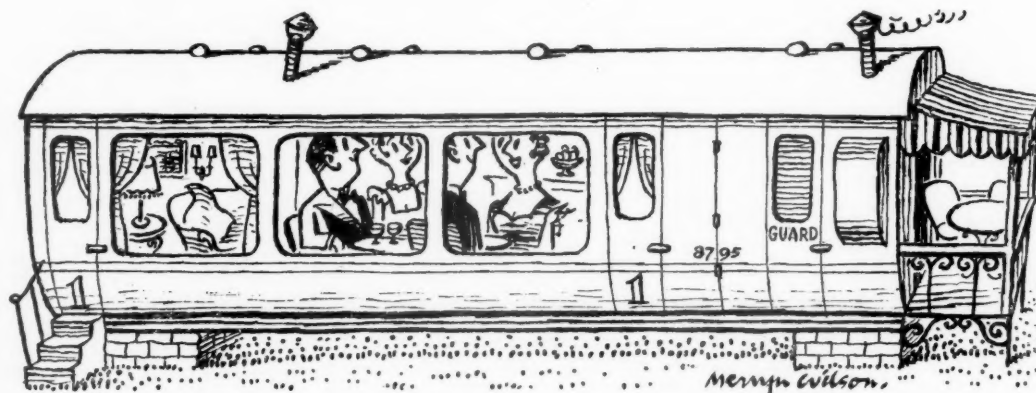
Where does the blame lie? Hardly upon management, since they have been allowed to do very little managing for the past few years. Nor can it be from any lack of organization among the workers. The workers in the Haywire industry are among the most highly-organized in the country. First of all they have the ordinary old-fashioned official Trade Union, which ran the successful three-week strike of 1946 over the question of whether the basic stint should measure 5 ft. by 4 ft. or 4 ft. by 5 ft. In 1947 the official Union started talking a lot of nonsense about national emergencies and that sort of capitalist propaganda, but an excellent Unofficial Strike Committee was formed which ran a first-class four-week strike over the question of whether scented or unscented soap should be provided in the female

haywirers' dressing-rooms. In 1948 the Unofficial Strike Committee let the men down badly by going all patriotic, but just before the strike season was over a splendid body of men who called themselves the Unofficial-unofficial Strike Committee leaped into the breach and ran a magnificent five-week strike because one of the old-fashioned Trade Union officials had attempted to intimidate an ignorant newly-joined apprentice into attending a Union meeting.

All this healthy competition between the various workers' organizations clearly gives the lie to suggestions that there is anything wrong with morale in the Haywire industry. It seems probable that the real trouble lies in the extra cost of raw materials. Raw haywire comes mostly from Euthanasia, and there has been a steep rise in prices owing to the enormous American demand for the stuff, the Americans needing it so that they can give us the finished product for nothing because of the impossibility of our paying the high prices for the raw material.

This creates a vicious circle of Communism, cartels, bulk-buying, and White Papers, from which, as the *Daily Drivel* so shrewdly observes, we are unlikely to escape without a complete reorientation of controlled Free Markets and an extra marmalade ration for heavy haywirers.

D. H. B.

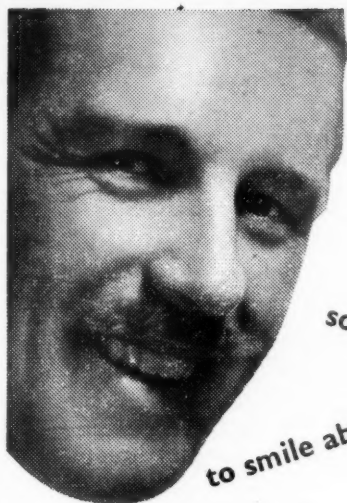


"Shall we take our coffee in the guard's van?"

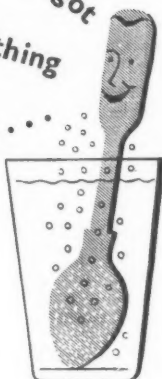
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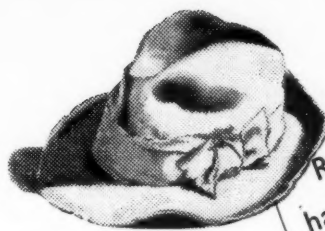
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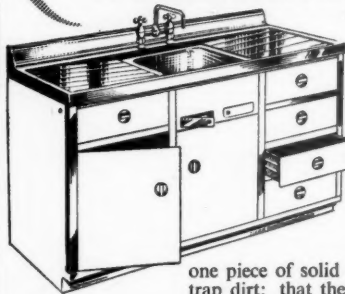
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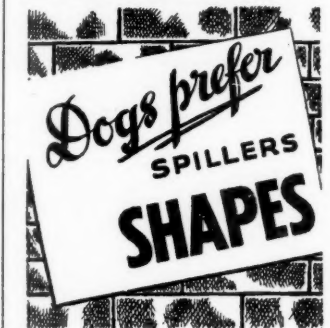
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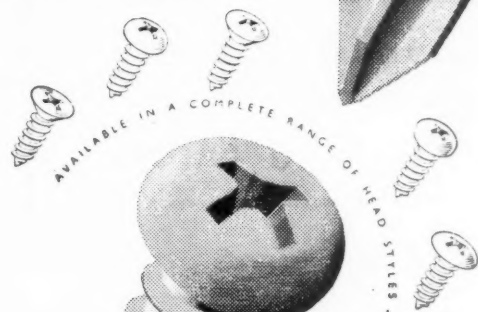


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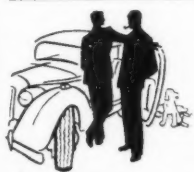
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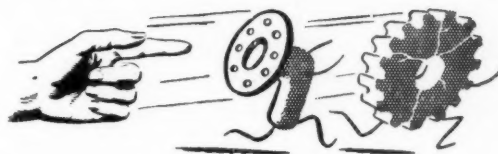
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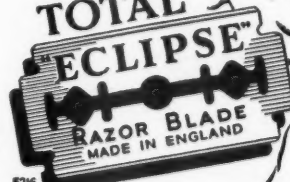


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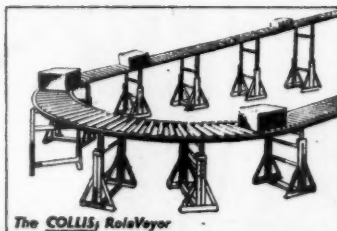
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I BELIEVE YOU LOVE YOUR MURRAY'S MORE THAN ME!



Men who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture wouldn't give it up for love or money. It's a grand tobacco of medium strength—the strength most men prefer. Cool, fragrant, comforting, with a flavour all its own. Burns slowly and evenly, and therefore lasts longer. That is important these days!

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE
4/1d. an oz.

MURRAY, SONS & CO. LTD., Belfast, Northern Ireland, where good tobaccos have been skillfully blended for over 130 years

*Gives more time
for other things..*



QUICK..

EASY..

LASTING..

Goddard's

SILVER POLISH

also Plate Powder, Furniture Cream,
Brass Polish and Shoe Polishes

PURELY PERSONAL

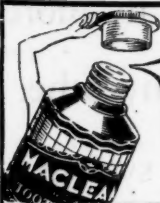
CROSSWORDS SOLVED...
there's nothing like the quiet
solace of a King Six Cigar (1/7d.
each) to smooth away any cross word.

**Healthy dogs
make
good companions**



BOB MARTIN'S

Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit



Did you
MACLEAN
your teeth to-day?



It caps the lot

Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste - Large tube, 1/4 (inc. Tax)

For safety's sake use a **MACLEANS TOOTHBRUSH 1/6**

(G1C9-12)



EXCUSE ME...
**Inner
Cleanliness**
comes first



REFRESHING
TONIC
LAXATIVE

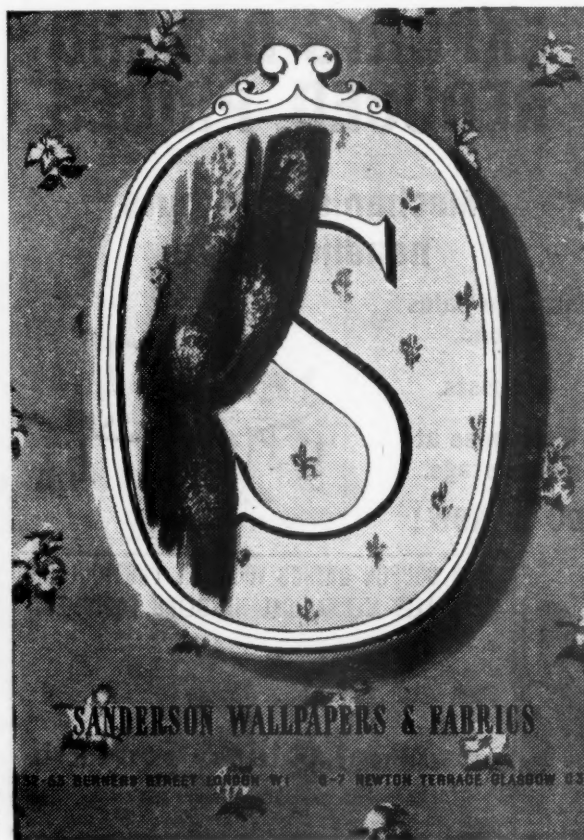
Family size tin 2/3

ANDREWS
LIVER SALT

**BOTTLED
VINEGAR**
is best
for
pickling!



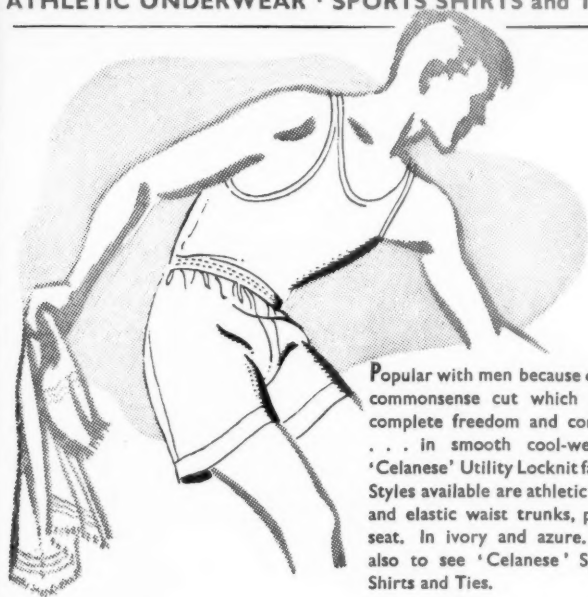
and this is the
**BEST BOTTLED
VINEGAR**



SANDERSON WALLPAPERS & FABRICS

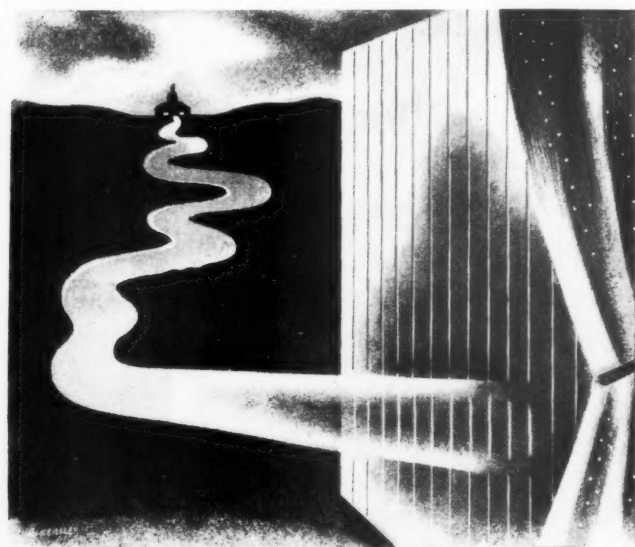
52-53 BERNERS STREET LONDON W1 0-7 NEWTON TERRACE GLASGOW G3

ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR · SPORTS SHIRTS and TIES



Popular with men because of the commonsense cut which gives complete freedom and comfort . . . in smooth cool-wearing 'Celanese' Utility Locknit fabric. Styles available are athletic vests and elastic waist trunks, pouch seat. In ivory and azure. Ask also to see 'Celanese' Sports Shirts and Ties.

'Celanese'
TRADE MARK
for MEN



The river that flows to your windows

"Swanee River"—that's what the men at Chance Brothers call the endless stream of molten glass that flows day and night in Chance's factories at Smethwick and Glasgow. Their job is to pattern its surface, to roll on to it the pleasant designs that make figured glass for your house, office or shop—or to wire it for safe factory roofing. But though there's a river of glass, there's a flood of orders for it, and Chance must still ask for a little breathing-space to catch up on deliveries.

FOR SCIENCE, INDUSTRY & THE HOME **Chance** GLASS
CHANCE BROTHERS LIMITED, Smethwick 40, nr. Birmingham. London Office:
28 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Branch Works at Glasgow, St. Helens and Malvern.



THE FIVE SHADES OF QUALITY

Cussons strike a new note in the scale of beauty with their lipstick in five exquisite rose shades, each fashioned with quality and presented with glamour

LIPSTICK by Cussons

Cussons Sons & Co. Ltd, 84 Brook St, Grosvenor Square, London W.1



It's a dream... it's
HARELLA

Created by L. Harris Ltd., 243 Regent St., London, W.1



one



two



three



four



five



six

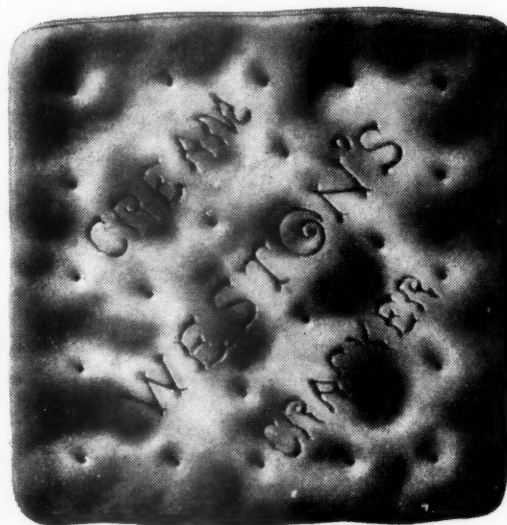


seven!



No. 7 Fine 'Virginia' Cigarettes 20 for 3/10
ALSO Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian

This is the shape and size of Weston's Cream Crackers



but you cannot visualise their smooth flavour, their flaky lightness and their seductive crackle. You must try them to know what exceptional cream crackers they really are. Supplies are sent everywhere, though at present in limited quantities—but when you have once tasted them you will ask for Weston's Cream Crackers ever after.

Weston's

BISCUITS